OCTOBER '02
ISSUE NO 18

The Slate

56 PAGES - BIGGEST EVER ISSUE!
MORE STYLE AND LESS CONTENT!

Brendan Byrne

ALL YOU NEED TO GET READY FOR SOME

Magic Mushroom Madness

Also Inside:
The Gardai: Are they in league with Satan?

New to Dublin: Late late clubs

Sexy kids on every page

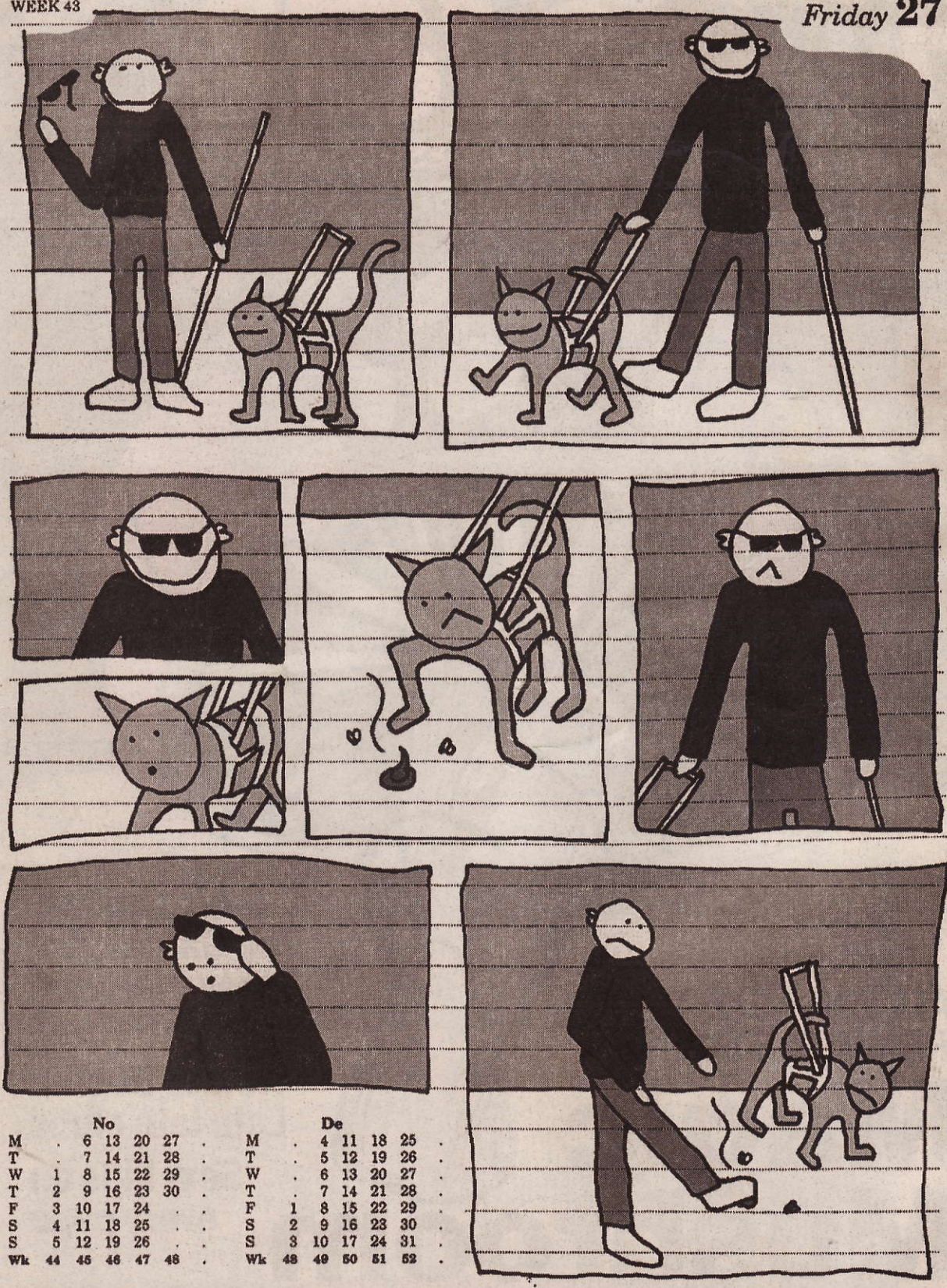
World Exclusive
NEWS OF THE MORONS

kick the cat

gavin beattie

WEEK 43

Friday **27**



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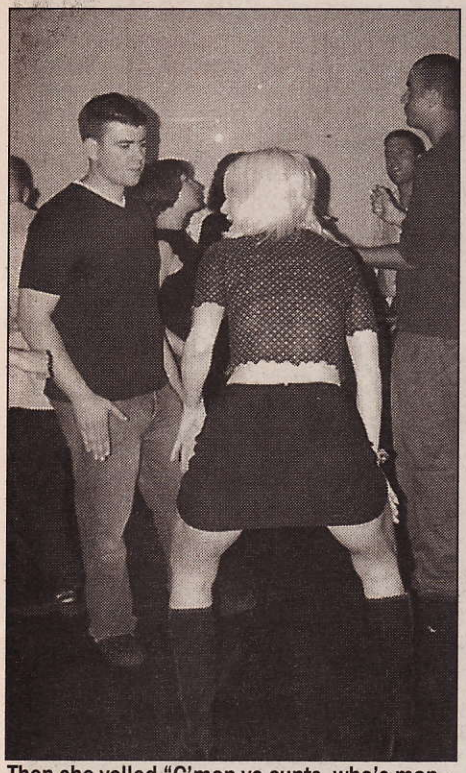
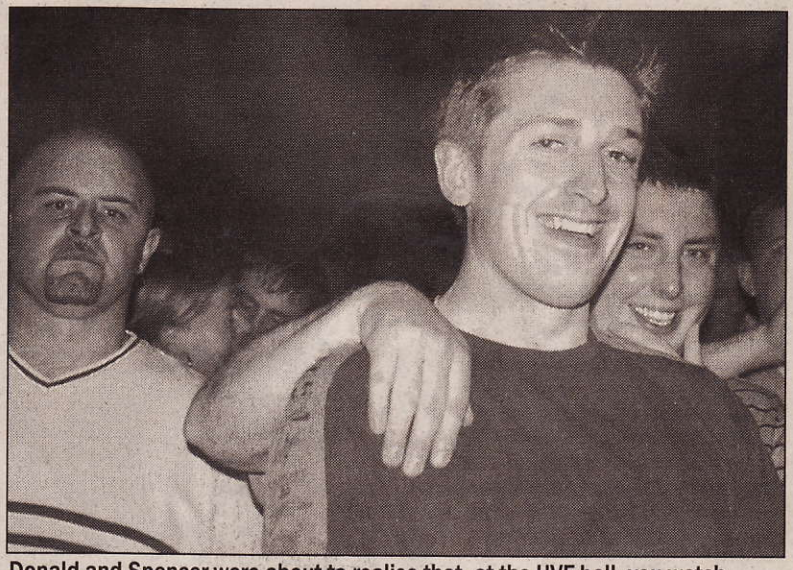
Kick the Cat appears courtesy of Big If Publications. It also appears in Toenail Clippings which is available from Tower Records, Forbidden Planet, Sub City and The Secret Book & Records Shop. It also appears once a week on **www.bigifpublications.com** - the best website ever, in the whole world...

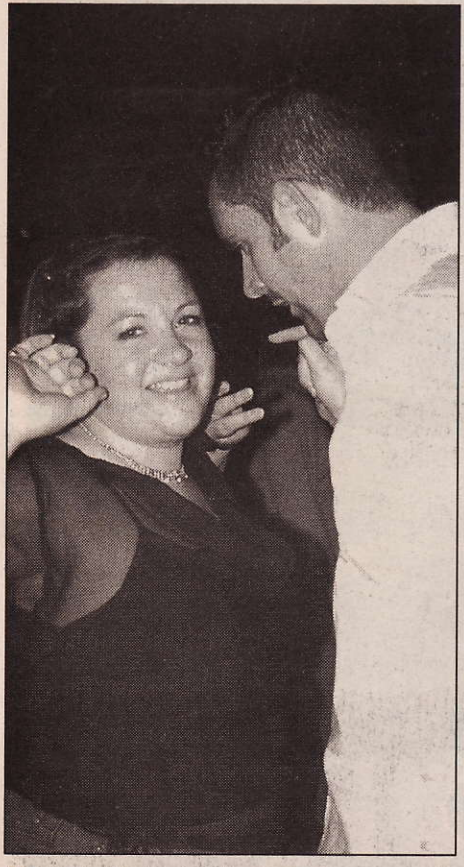


Then she yelled "C'mon ye cunts, who's man enough to stick it up my bum" and Colin began to have second thoughts



Donald and Spencer were about to realise that, at the UVF ball, you watch whose toes you step on.

Young Colin had chosen the perfect woman to lose his virginity with

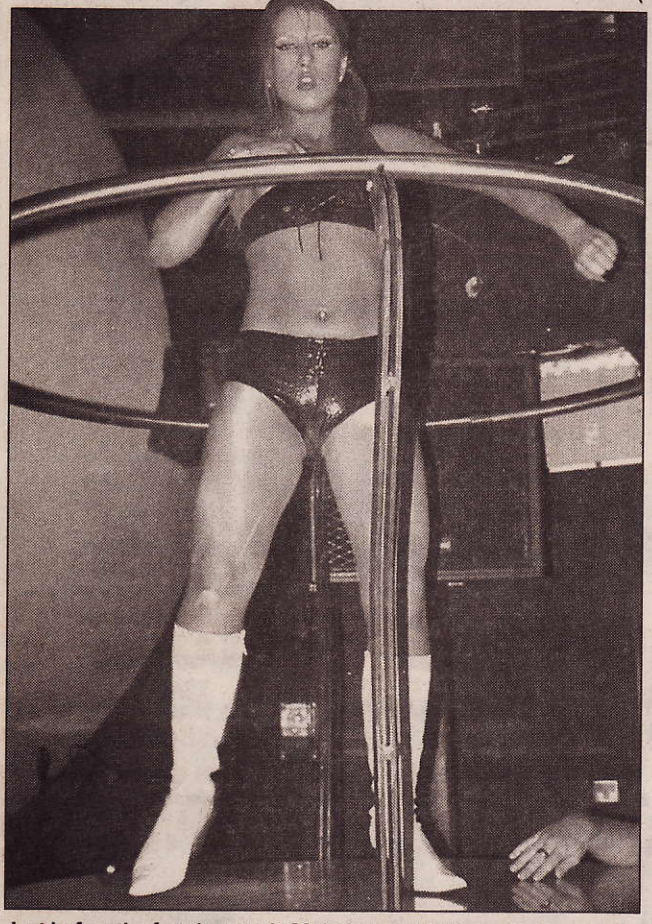


Martha's tit-attack gets up another punter's nose

The VIP dancefloor got hot and steamy at the Special Olympics launch party

October 2002 Contents

PH: 01 - 677 6150 TO ADVERTISE EMAIL: ads@theslate.ie ALL COMPLAINTS & DEATH THREATS: editor@theslate.ie
PUBLISHER: Blackhole Media Ltd. DISTRIBUTOR: Micromedia (PH 01 6773834) COVER Bren Byrne



Just before the fart that made Moira's too-tight lycra pants explode

LOSE IT WITH SHROOMS

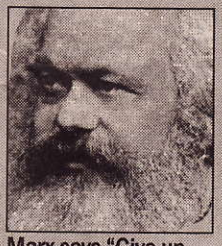
It's the season to be picking, eating, puking and then seeing little chaps like your man on the right running around behind your eyelids p.20

I took acid and now I look like this

To the Queen

GENTLEMEN'S CLUBS ON THE RETREAT

First the Empire, old bean, now this - the whole world is collapsing around our ears. With West Brit clubs on the way out, we look back at their fine history of gambling, raping and setting Paddy servants on fire . . . p.17



Marx says "Give up - there's no point".

THE SHITENESS OF STUDENT POLITICS

A couple of misinformed people have been going around claiming that student radicalism is back in fashion. That is complete rubbish, so follow our guide to college politics and keep your wits about you in order to steer clear of this miserable pastime . . . p.12

Subcriptions available to The Slate

Get Ireland's most amazing mag delivered straight into your letter box every month. Handy for you, and perfect for any mates who are off in nicer countries having a better time than us.

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The Blackhole

News of the Knobs Read all about the tabloid that tried to shut down The Slate **p.07**

Late Late Show How theatre licenses are helping clubs open all night **p.18**

Live at 3am Two full pages celeb shenanigans **p.22**

Listings

Once-Off Clubbing 26
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Album Reviews (!) 51
Cinema 52
Theatre (two in a row!) 54

NEWS OF THE MORONS

Lets go hang these sickos

LAST WEEK we called for an evil magazine which urged the rape and murder of all children to be closed down. But we now realise we were doing the wrong thing.

No - the death penalty is the only thing these sickos deserve.

And of course their friends the sex-beasts must have their genitalia boiled in hot water and then serve them on a plate to the parents of their victims. This is the only way society will feel a true sense of justice.

They have claimed they want a more open debate on paedophilia - but we must protect our children and strangle any meaningful discussion on this issue before it is too late.

Otherwise perverts will have an open reign and Michael Barrymore will be made Taoiseach of Ireland.

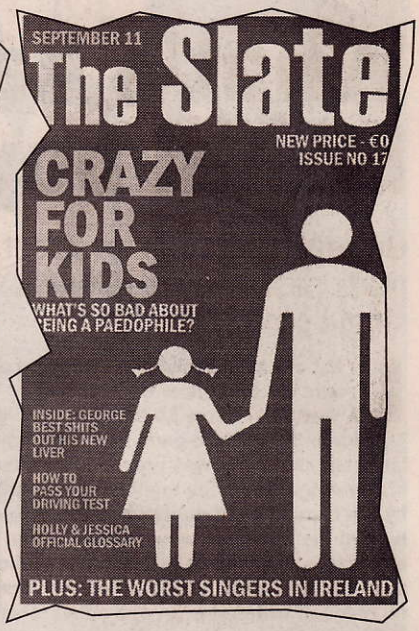
What will they suggest next - that Barrymore isn't a lying homosexual who gets off on swimming in pools full of dead men's semen?

And how dare these people suggest that media coverage of the Soham murders was anything but beneficial to us?

We are offering a 2 million pound reward for the News of the Morons reader who assembles a group of right thinking individuals to torch the offices of this wicked publication and attack anybody seen speaking to its staff.

Harry's crusade

PRINCE HARRY has vowed he will soon come to Dublin and show you Micks how to play football properly. The young prince is on a crusade to improve life in the Third World - and his next stop is Ireland. These deeds of charity are Harry's way of remembering his mother Princess Diana - so you Paddies better look grateful when his Highness arrives.



No Contest

Mad British tabloid attacks The Slate

Gigantic Corporation in cruel bid to close down defenseless Dublin mag

In our last issue, we published a straightforward article about paedophilia - presenting the arguments of some people who think that sex between adults and kids is not quite as bad as it's made out to be. Our popularity levels soared and we were inundated with letters of support and congratulatory emails.

Unfortunately, a Nazi newspaper got hold of our magazine and decided that no kind of rational discussion could be tolerated on this subject. The News of the World flew into a moralistic rage and, with noble regard for the right to freedom of speech, began a campaign to have the Slate put out of business - 'Shut it down' ran their moronic headline.

IGNORANT: McDowell

These bleating British dickheads began their brave crusade to have Ireland's best magazine closed down by ringing our advertisers and giving out to them for doing business with us. Thankfully they were told to piss off and mind their own business, so the hacks resorted instead to phoning up some of the biggest ass-holes in the land and asking them for a comment.

"The articles seem to trivialise the issue of paedophilia," was the vague assessment of right wing madman Michael McDowell - who, by some mistake in the democratic system, is Ireland's Minister for Justice. McDowell clearly hadn't read the article but, based on the sentence or two that were read down the phone to him, the minister felt qualified to add: "I totally disagree with their tone."

Saddest of all was some rent-a-quote child abuse victim, who the cynical News of the World cunts wheeled out for a bit of pantomime outrage. Like McDowell, John Prior seemed to be criticising the paedophile article from a position of total ignorance, claiming that The Slate said children are "to blame

turn to page 8 please

October Dates for your diary

Sunday 6th - 13th

The 47th Cork Film Festival opens with 'The Magdelene Sisters' which greatly pissed of the Pope. The Dublin festival bit the dust after Miller pulled the sponsorship deal.

47th CORK Film Festival 6th - 13th October 2002

Saturday 19th

Ireland has a magnificent opportunity to cause a bit of trouble again and reject the Nice Treaty.

What's happened our brutal boys in blue?

Outrage as Gardai let street party pass without killing a single protestor

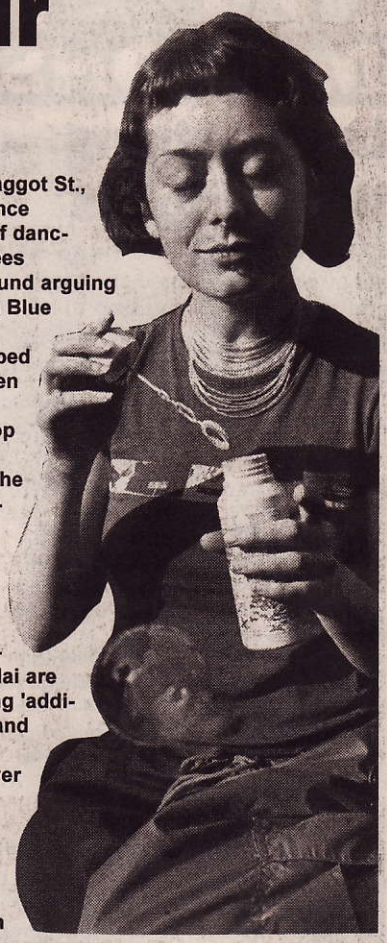
Last month's Reclaim the Streets party was the first since the infamous 'Battle' of Dame St. back in May. Thanks to the fun and games at that particular event, this party was preceded by lots of scaremongering in the media and shit-talking by the Gardai. Most normal observers were hoping that the cops would show up and embarrass themselves again, but the whole event passed off in a disappointingly peaceful manner, with not even one subversive getting beaten up.

Where were these chaps when we needed them?

Around 1,000 people crammed onto Baggot St., where a load of DJs were belting out dance music on a big sound rig. Three hours of dancing, playing football, and climbing up trees ensued, with posh lefties wandering around arguing with each other throughout. The Boys in Blue were also eager to get involved in the debate, and an anarchist website described a "protracted political discussion between one of the people [who was] battered at the last demonstration and the senior cop present".

The protesters had planned to follow The Slate's advice by breaking into privately-owned Fitzwilliam Square, but they chickened out at the last minute - leaving the Gardai with absolutely no excuse to lose their tempers.

Meanwhile, around 20 people are still waiting to be tried for 'offences' committed during the May 6th protest. The Gardai are making threatening noises about bringing 'additional charges' against these suspects, and keep stringing the court procedure out. With this sword of Damocles hanging over them, none of the suspects is keen on making complaints against the cuntish cops - just in case they suddenly find themselves being charged with murder. No doubt, this situation suits the Gardai just fine and, so far, the cases have been adjourned twice, with a third hearing set for 30 September.


Don't burst my bubble

continued from page 7

for sexual abuse inflicted on them." This, of course, is total horseshit, but whatever lies Prior had been told by the News of the World inspired him to say that "the writers of this are the lowest form of life."

To top off this journalistic disaster, the half-wits assigned to the job were so stupid, they weren't even able to read the article properly. Much of the piece was about a paedo called Tom O'Carroll, but the poor fools got confused and thought the piece was actually by him. An excellent display all round from Rupert Murdoch's minions.

NOTW READERS' LOVE THE SLATE

As you can see here, the News Of The World letters page is a real bastion of Free Speech

"It was with absolute disbelief that I learned in last week's paper that a depraved magazine known as The Slate is in circulation. I find it hard to understand why the authorities are standing back and not taking any action. Publications like this should be banned for the sake and welfare of children."
James McGowan, Bundoran, Co. Donegal

"The editor of The Slate should face the full rigours of the law."
Tom Twomey, Togher. Co. Cork

"Why isn't Michael McDowell as Minister of Justice stepping in and aborting this rag of a magazine, before it festers any young mind. Prevention is better than cure."
Pauline Dunne, Cabra, Dublin

"Thanks to the Irish News of the World for telling us about the sick publication, The Slate. Your crusading paper has informed us of the dangers to our children from paedophiles and your constant reminders to our politicians and judicial system will ensure there is no hiding place for these perverts."
Maurice Ahern, Youghal, Co. Cork

"Slate magazine should be shut down immediately."
Phyllis Lennon, Templeogue, Dublin

Friday 25
New Labour Party leader to be announced. It's been a boring enough affair campaign except for everybody suggesting that Brendan Howlin is gay.

Thursday 25 - 27
Ireland's Original Culchie Festival takes place in Fethard, Co Tipperary. It's organised by the king of the culchies, Paddy Rock

Thursday 25 - 28
The Cork Jazz Festival takes place with Brad Mehldau (right) headlining. A great weekend for a piss-up with lots of other live acts on the bill.

GO ON THE BOY RACERS

Our roads are being taken over by a breed of young vermin who spend all day revving around in their noisy vehicles

One menace to Irish society which The Slate feels has gone uncommented on for too long is the boy racer phenomenon. Every day, ordinary decent Dubliners are terrorised by little shits driving around in crap souped-up cars. Often wearing a baseball cap, a brushed forward fringe and scanty moustache, they are usually to be found driving at 80 miles per hour around housing estates, giving grannies strokes at traffic lights and making people sick with the garish colours they paint their means of transport.

For those who are not familiar with the term, a boy racer is a young man who spends an inordinate amount of time, cash and effort turning a small car that is usually driven by a housewife into a more manly endeavour. The results are always laughably appalling.

THE CAUSES OF BOY RACER SYNDROME

1. Ireland's Thieving Insurance industry: The criminal rates charged by insurance firms mean that most boy racers cannot afford to indemnify a car with any sort of decent-sized engine. As a result, they spend all of their lives trying to cover their vehicles in tacky shit which is supposed to conceal the fact that they were built for going from driveway to shopping centre at 20mph.

2. Television: Slavish devotion to Formula One, Knight Rider, The Dukes of Hazard and other motor-related television programmes made for children is evident in all cases of Boy-Racerism.

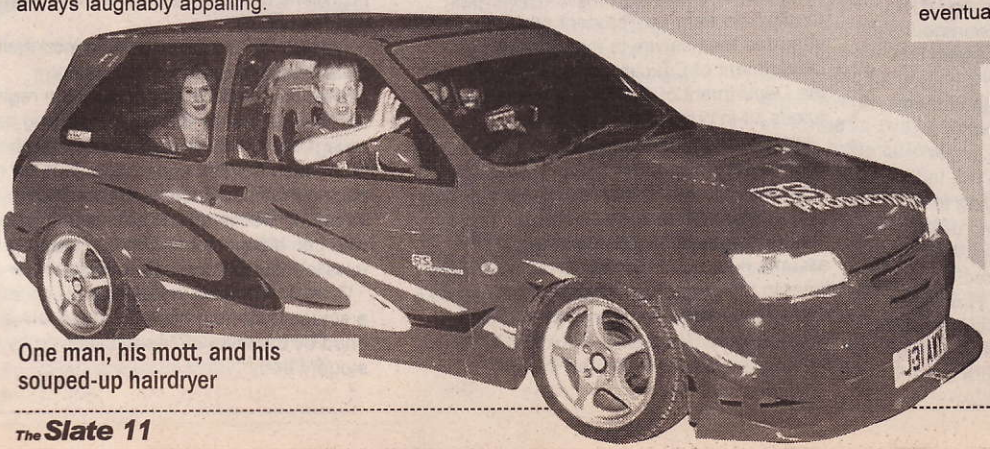
3. John O'Donoghue: Ireland's speed king set a bad example to young boys by driving his state car at over 100mph along narrow boreens. He must resign.

OTHER CRAP PURSUITS WHICH INVOLVE CARS

Rally Car Racing. This phenomenally dangerous and pointless sport is one of the most inexplicable habits of modern man. The aim of it seems to be to drive badly along country roads and overturn the car as often as possible while scores of ignorant people gawk at the proceedings. The driver is accompanied by a co-pilot who looks at a map and then shouts out the wrong directions, usually resulting in death to numerous stewards and spectators.

Stock Car Racing. A bizarre occupation which involves several completely unroadworthy vehicles crashing into each other for a couple of laps before they're all eventually destroyed or blown up.

Formula One Racing. F1 has a fanatical following of assholes. who watch teams of dull men speed around a smooth piece of road dressed in luminous jump suits. Crashes rarely happen, and overtaking seems to be banned entirely. It's all about as interesting as a double edition of the Lyrics Board.



One man, his mott, and his souped-up hairdryer

STUDENT POLITICS

Getting involved will turn you into a miserable person

MANY PEOPLE go to college with the idea that, once there, they will be able to join up with some revolutionary struggle and help to establish a socialist utopia. This attitude generally lasts until about five minutes after the student arrives in college and realises that it is full of no-good arseholes whose interest in politics doesn't extend beyond racking up CV points or pompously posing as a left-wing intellectual. The blow is usually softened by an eight or nine month period during which the student completely ceases all use of the brain and never really learns how it functions again.

Unfortunately, some people are so gripped by this idealistic fervour that - even when they arrive at a third level institution and are faced with the humbugs, hypocrites and assholes who run college politics - they still cling to the bizarre belief that they can make a difference. This attitude only leads to failure, then bitterness, and often depression - it should be strongly discouraged.

The situation wasn't helped last month when the Irish Independent lost the run of themselves and decided to write a bizarre and inaccurate article about student politics. The Indo normally confines its lying to Travellers, refugees and ecstasy dealers - mainly arguing that they should all be locked up somewhere in Cavan. However, on this occasion, one of the editors obviously stayed out in the sun too long and, before anyone could stop him, commissioned a misleading feature about how "radical students are all the rage (again)".

"College goers have begun to embrace direct action with a zeal not witnessed since the zenith of student agitation in the late 1960s and early 1970s," claimed Ed Power, the writer of this crazy article. "In the past month," he went on, "student protestors have shackled themselves to the gates of the Department of Education, picketed outside the Department of Justice and staged a garrulous sit-in outside Government buildings."

In fairness to these journalists, if you spend your whole life in either a depressing office or a lapdancing club, it is probably quite difficult to have much of a clue what is going on in the normal world. We can generously assume that, if the Indo staff had a bit more time on their hands, they would have asked a normal person for some information on the issue at hand. The hacks would then presumably have been informed that:

these protests were all attended by the same five or six 40-year-old Brits and their dogs

that they are probably not even students - just part of some brainwashing lefty group who prey on particularly stupid youths

and that they are routinely ignored by both politicians and the majority of halfway intelligent students.

Instead, the Indo tried to convince their gullible country readers that recent Government activity (increasing the registration charge and talking about bringing back college fees) had unleashed the hellish wrath of the Irish student body. Have fear, for rampaging mobs of students are tearing up the streets of Dublin and attacking Dail Eireann with gas bombs, plastic bottles and any other missile they can lay their furious hands on.

Colm Jordan (the leader of USI) added with a straight face that he was "genuinely frightened by the level of anger displayed by the student body."

SOME ORGANISATIONS TO AVOID

These people will suck the lifeblood out of you - steer clear!

OGRA FIANNA FAIL

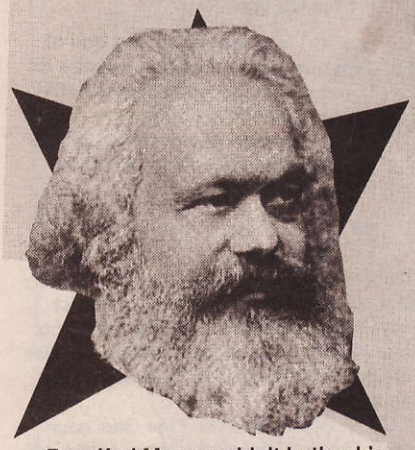
This has to be worst of all the student groups. Everybody hates them, and they don't give a fuck - they know it's going to make them rich when they leave college. The FF plague is worst in UCD where every Students' Union election is a dull but nasty battle between The Soldiers of Destiny and their many enemies. This is because most of the students come up from the country and are already indoctrinated by rabid farmer parents who have had them playing the national anthem on a melodion every night since they were old enough to say 'God Bless Dev'.

AL QAEDA

Not quite as annoying as the Socialist Workers, and deserving of a mention because at least they do what they say - kill yanks. On joining, one can also sign up for the Al Aqsa Martyr's Brigade to even the score with the longnose infidels.

YOUNG FINE GAEL

If you are going to put yourself in the most-hated 1% of students by joining a Civil War political party, don't choose the one that will be extinct by the time you graduate.



Even Karl Marx wouldn't bother his hole getting involved nowadays

This is obviously not the case, as most students have as much interest in this kind of shit as they do in Irish dancing. Take The Slate's advice and limit your political activity to causing random bits of damage around the campus and blackballing anyone who has been to one of those business breakfasts. Just in case someone tries to hoodwink you into 'getting involved', here is our guide to the more dangerous student political organisations.

A rare moment of excitement in the world of student activism

THE STUDENTS UNION

If you only had one bullet left, you would probably shoot the young Fianna Failer, but a row of blindfolded SU hacks up against the wall would certainly make you think about it. In the larger colleges, most of these self-serving midgets learn quickly that nobody has any interest in them. Thankfully they respond by spending the rest of the year hidden away in an office trying to figure out what to do when they are finally kicked out of college. However, some Union officers (particularly presidents) in smaller colleges are prone to delusional ideas about their own position and influence. This can lead to a rather bossy attitude which involves the officer in question striding around the canteen telling people to put out joints and clean up after themselves. If you see this happening in your college, gather up your friends and dangle the officer over a high balcony while making stabbing gestures towards their genitalia.

SINN FEIN

These people will normally have a tricolour tattooed across their foreheads. Typical on-campus activities include dealing drugs, trying to stamp out drug dealing, and marching around waving flags and singing the Fields of Athenry.

SOCIALIST WORKERS

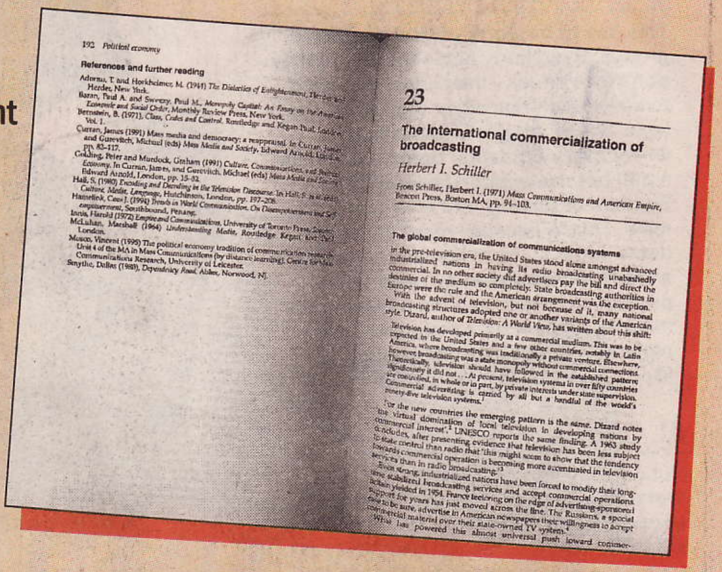
If there is ever a half-decent protest during your time in college, these cartoon commies will turn up and wreck it. The Socialist Workers publish an incredibly bad newspaper of the same name and specialise in having no fun, shouting at people, and making sure that everyone they come into contact with ends up with no interest in left wing politics. Watch out for the forty year old at the middle of the organisation who thinks he's Che Guevara and tries to womanise all the impressionable young leftie chicks.

YOUNG PDS

When they aren't having moonlit parades in black shirts and swastika armbands, these bleating right wingers can be found running after lecturers in a fetching combination of check shirt, braces and orangey-brown cords. Only joined the young PDs because daddy promised them a small beamer in return - but these people are by now totally convinced that the poor should be beaten down and the rich rewarded. Generally try to foster a 'spirit of enterprise' on campus by forcing normal students to join their annoying study groups and note-swapping networks.

LIBRARY ETIQUETTE

There are two different codes of behaviour which must be observed in the library if a proper study environemnt is to be maintained. They are the book code and the silence code.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23

The international commercialization of broadcasting

Herbert I. Schiller

From Schiller, Herbert I. (1971) *Mass Communications and American Empire*, Beacon Press, Boston MA, pp. 94–103.

The global commercialization of communications systems

In the pre-television era, the United States stood alone amongst advanced industrialized nations in having its radio broadcasting unabashedly commercial. In no other society did advertisers pay the bill and direct the destinies of the medium so completely. State broadcasting authorities in Europe were the rule and the American arrangement was the exception.

With the advent of television, but not because of it, many national broadcasting structures adopted one or another variants of the American style. Dizard, author of *Television: A World View*, has written about this shift:

Television has developed primarily as a commercial medium. This was to be expected in the United States and a few other countries, notably in Latin America, where broadcasting was traditionally a private venture. Elsewhere, however, broadcasting was a state monopoly without commercial connections. Theoretically, television should have followed in the established pattern. Significantly it did not . . . At present, television systems in over fifty countries are controlled, in whole or in part, by private interests under state supervision. Commercial advertising is carried by all but a handful of the world's ninety-five television systems.[1]

For the new countries the emerging pattern is the same. Dizard notes the virtual domination of local television in developing nations by commercial interest'.[2] UNESCO reports the same finding. A 1963 study concludes, after presenting evidence that television has been less subject to state control than radio that 'this might seem to show that the tendency towards commercial operation is becoming more accentuated in television services than in radio broadcasting.'[3]

Even strong, industrialized nations have been forced to modify their long-time stabilized broadcasting services and accept commercial operations. Britain yielded in 1954. France teetering on the edge of advertising-sponsored support for years has just moved across the line. The Russians, a special case to be sure, advertise in American newspapers their willingness to accept commercial material over their state-owned TV system.[4]

What has powered this almost universal push toward commer-

THE BOOK CODE:

Books are the difference between you and all the other students. To succeed in college you must steal, hide and deface books so that your rivals cannot use them to beat you in exams and essays.

Stealing books is easy. Either pull the magnetic strip out of the book's spine, or else just throw it out the window and then get it later.

As you work your way through a book, it is a good idea to deface pages once you have read them. One popular approach is to scrawl all over the book so that nobody can read a single word in it. Sometimes it is even more effective to just put a number of annoying and distracting markings on each page. Underlining completely unimportant words (like 'the', 'of' and the page numbers) will distract your rivals, and it's often a good idea to write misleading study notes that send their brains off on a totally useless tangent for a few minutes.

Hiding books is another very good idea. Say, for example, you are a business student (and if you are reading this guide, you probably are one of those cunts) it's always a good idea to put books you have been using into the Biblical Studies or Art History section before leaving the library that way your prying rivals will have no idea where they are, and will hopefully fail the year. Ha Ha. Try the reverse of this too, by filling up the Macroeconomics section with Theoretical Physics books - then watching as your whole class start having heart attacks.

THE SILENCE CODE:

Shouting is also forbidden in the library - unless you have a good reason to do so. Acceptable excuses include:

1 You are in the middle of a mobile phone conversation

2 You have just seen one of your friends in a different section of the library

3 You wake up and realise that you have been asleep at your desk for the last week and a half

4 You have finished your essay, but other members of your class are sitting nearby trying to complete theirs before the deadline. Make as much noise as you can - with any luck they will miss the deadline and get kicked out of college

5 Someone from the Students' Union sits down beside you

6 You are a girl, and one of your friends has just spent a lot of money on some really horrible piece of clothing. You have permission to shriek loudly and generally make a lot of noise about how nice it is

Tabloid Watch

WHILE IRELAND is in the midst of a depression not seen since the days of the famine, and honest Celtic natives are being forced to endure humiliating poverty, the government is insulting us all by handing out cars to filthy asylum-seekers.

This latest affront to the nation was spotted by the keen-eyed hawks in the Irish Daily Mirror, whose front page headline said it all: "Free cars for Refugees - Cash grants buy BMWs". The story beneath was clearly the result of some diligent investigation, involving at least two phone calls, and twenty minutes looking up animal porn on the web.

Apparently two refugees had paid for one car using a government-issue cheque - irrefutable proof that every asylum-seeker is being driven around in a limousine, while the rest of us have to walk everywhere in our bare feet. "Refugees are getting cars for FREE as the Government doles out cheques worth thousands of euro each," explained the Mirror, and there was a queue of idiots the length of O'Connell St lining up to demonstrate the fury this was causing at ground level

"To think that this sort of thing is happening when there is an outcry that refugees are getting nothing is sick," said the ubiquitous Joe-Dublin type, who is always anonymous and always supplies his quotes in suspicious tabloidese catch phrases.

Dumb bitches such as Fine Gael councillor Therese Ridge also got in on the act: "It is a disgrace to think that this kind of thing is happening when Irish people are struggling to make ends meet," said Therese, who was delighted to be getting her name in the papers.

But that wasn't all. The Mirror had other bits of concrete evidence at hand to prove that refugees are all dangerous freeloaders who should be deported from the country in coffin ships. "A former holiday camp at Mosney, Co Meath, where 700 refugees are housed, is said to be full of second-hand cars".

ARE THE COPS IN CAHOOTS WITH SATAN?

Beelzebub Byrne

THE SLATE has uncovered a bizarre alliance between Satan and our own disgraced Gardai Siochana. After numerous foundation-rocking scandals, many people feel that the cops badly need to restore the confidence of the public. But we can now reveal that for years they have been inconspicuously aligning themselves with the Devil through their choice of phone number.

The Number of the Beast

A quick glance at the 2003 phone book will reveal that the majority of Dublin pig station phone numbers begin with the digits 666. The question must be asked: why would anybody have these evil numbers in their phone details unless they were a hardened agent of Beelzebub? What kind of message is this giving to a community that has been shocked by graphic images of hormone-riddled 'Guardians of the Peace' using skulls as footballs during the Mayday Anti-Car protest? This is sure proof that the Satan-sympathising

The Boys in Blue have made a sinister pact with the Man in Black

Garda Siochana needs radical reform before they all start looking like Marilyn Manson.

These three evil numerals have for thousands of years been synonymous with unspeakable corruption and immorality, as written in the Book of Revelations:

"13:18 Here is wisdom. Let him that hath understanding count the number of the beast: for it is the number of a man; and his number [is] Six hundred threescore [and] six - - 666."

The evidence presented here conclusively proves that Garda Commissioner Pat Byrne is Beelzebub himself, and it can be safely assumed that the Boys in Blue like nothing better than taking innocent drunks off the streets at night and sacrificing them in sick, twisted Black Masses inside the station cells.

THE ALL NEW GARDA SUPPORT LINE

Phone hell straight away for your dose of:
Ignorance
Abuse
Invented Confessions
Zero Tolerance of cheek and smart-arsery

An agent of Evil will be happy to answer your calls

GET STRAIGHT THROUGH TO THE DEVIL ON ANY OF THE FOLLOWING NUMBERS:

Garda HQ: 666 000
Criminal Assets Bureau: 666 3266
Garda Museum 666 9999
Garda National Drugs Unit 666 9900

Important - read this!

Ireland will soon have to decide once more whether or not to ratify the Nice Treaty and it is vital that everyone knows how to use the new electronic voting system. An Taoiseach Bertie Ahern will now answer some of your questions:

What happens if there is a power failure in the middle of the referendum and the machine breaks down?
That's a good question. The history of malfunction of the voting machine abroad is extremely low. However, if a machine does break down, the referendum will be cancelled and I, Bertie Ahern will decide which outcome is in the national interest. So relax! There's nothing to worry about.

Will I be voting in private?
Yes. There will be nobody else in the booth with you. Obviously though, your vote will be logged on a computer database, so bear in mind that you will be held accountable for your democratic choice, as is only right and proper.

Will there be wheelchair access to the voting machines?
Not at all. This new voting system is for able-bodied people. The disabled will be kept out at all costs.

What the blazes is happening to ...

Dublin's finest Gentlemen's Clubs

The end may be nigh for our city's traditional Proddy hangouts

AFTER HUNDREDS of years spent at the forefront of decent society, most Dublin Gentlemen's clubs now seem to have shut down due to a complete lack of interest. Any surviving old-school members are nothing more than dribbling, senile West Brits who think the Black and Tans are still keeping the Micks at bay. Nowadays, the nearest thing you'll get to a fully-fledged Gentlemen's club in Ireland are The K Club and Fitzwilliam LTC. However, these places are full of loud Catholic businessmen and politicians drinking brandy, having affairs with ugly old women, and laughing about their mates who have been up before the Flood Tribunal the previous day before. Needless to say, organisations like that only attract the most vulgar clientele.

It's just not cricket

Furthermore, those that still remain have been selling out at a scandalous rate by letting in females and people with very little breeding, and generally giving in to modern trends instead of holding on to the good old values of bygone years. In the face of this loss, The Slate feels it is high time to reflect on our once great heritage.

The Club	Raison D'Etre	Typical carry-on
Kildare St Club	Established so that the Protestant landed gentry would have somewhere to stay in Dublin when they came up from their country mansions.	Members can drink fine wines from the cellar, play snooker, and generally cad about without fear of running into either common Paddies or women. However, in recent times the purity of the club has been diluted somewhat. Not only have they started letting in women, they've also committed such acts of treason as installing a modern gym and updating their kitchen.
R.I.A.C.	**Founded in 1901, the Royal Irish Automobile Club was set up for young cads who had an interest in revving about the place in fancy cars.**	**Quickly sold out and let women in a few years after opening their doors. They still have a clubhouse on Dawson St., but it is little more than a car park for people with notions about themselves.**
Daly's Club	An exclusive boozing and gambling association for rich layabouts whose chief aims in life were drinking Port and catching Syphilis. Closed hundreds of years ago.	Situated in the north part of College Green, there was a secret connecting passage from Parliament House so that legislators, bored with having to think up new ways to wreck the lives of the indigenous Catholic population, could sneak off and engage in some indecency. This involved 24 hour boozing sessions (curtains were closed in the morning so members could drink in peace), orgies and violent card games.
Hellfire Club	**In 1700, Ireland's top Bucks decided to set up a club dedicated to decadence, Satanism and group sex - or so Dublin Tour Guides tell ignorant tourists as they prance about Trinity College**	**Although located in various places in the City, it came into its own when it took over Montpellier House in the Dublin Mountains. Here, the club flourished as a den of blasphemy until Richard Chappell Whaley, a mate of Cromwell's and a noted pyromaniac, set a servant on fire for spilling his drink. Several Dandies were too drunk to get out and died in the blaze.**

Clubbed to death

The good name of the Kildare St. club was cheapened recently by an unfortunate association with a fizzy drink. About 70 years ago, the Kildare St. boyos commissioned Cantrell and Cochrane (C&C) to make a special beverage for them. C&C came up with a vile-tasting, sticky cocktail that would poison an elephant, and called it Kildare St. Club Orange - later shortened to Club Orange. This long-dead association has now been dredged up as part of the drink's latest naff marketing crusade.

DANCING THE NIGHT AWAY

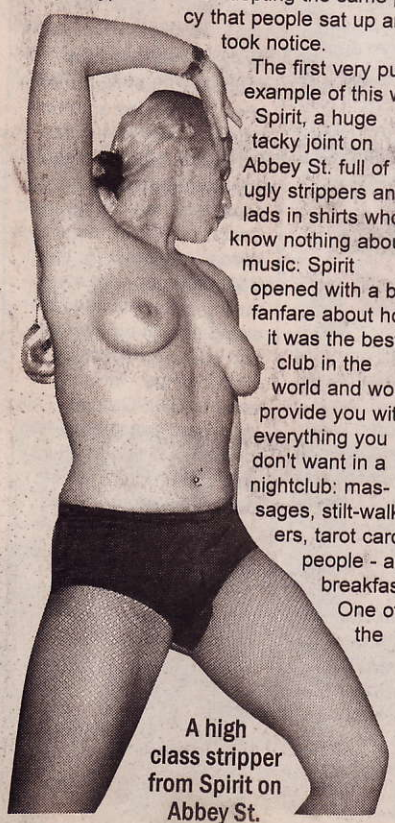
An ancient theatre boozing law could mean that you will no longer be violently forced home to bed within half an hour of arriving at a nightclub

WE HERE in The Slate have spent much of the last two years moaning like a broken record about how Dublin nightclubs close too early. Well now it only seems right to point out that several of the city's larger venues have started keeping their doors open until quite late at night. In fact, we would like to reverse our position and say that, if this trend continues, young Dublin people will all be turned into permanently exhausted, ecstasy-addicted braindead alcoholics.

For years, the Gaiety has publicly advertised the fact that it doesn't close until 4am. This was generally seen as a slightly mysterious state of affairs, but most people assumed it had something to do with the fact that the thirty-something crowd who go there are only good for dog food, and the authorities want them kept away from public view for as long as possible.

It was when clubs for normal, non-middle aged types started adopting the same policy that people sat up and took notice.

The first very public example of this was Spirit, a huge tacky joint on Abbey St. full of ugly strippers and lads in shirts who know nothing about music. Spirit opened with a big fanfare about how it was the best club in the world and would provide you with everything you don't want in a nightclub: massages, stilt-walkers, tarot card people - and breakfast. One of the club's big selling points is the fact that it opens until somewhere between 4am and 5am. As the dawn sets in, a crowd of club employees materialises beside one of the dancefloors complete with tables covered in coffee, croissants, and bits of fruit (this is generally followed by people staring curiously at the food before realising that eating is the last thing they want to do).



A high class stripper from Spirit on Abbey St.

Soon afterwards, the Tivoli opened (with an equal amount of bleating about what a great club this was going to be) and a similar pattern emerged. Last month, for example, Darren Emerson and Detroit's Carl Craig were still banging out tunes until well after 4.30am.

But why, you might ask, are the Gardai not running in with truncheons aloft to stop this hedonistic carry on? Surely these clubs are breaking the law and will soon be brought to book about it. In fact, they are cleverly making the most of a loophole in Ireland's antiquated licensing regulations.

The most important thing to remember about this country's drink laws is that they have been carefully designed to make sure nobody understands how they work. This policy of confusion has been particularly successful in the nightclub business, where it has usually worked against anyone who is trying to run a halfway decent club. Now, however, the chaos and misinformation is for once acting in favour of punters who want to stay out slightly later than their mammies let them when they were nine years old.

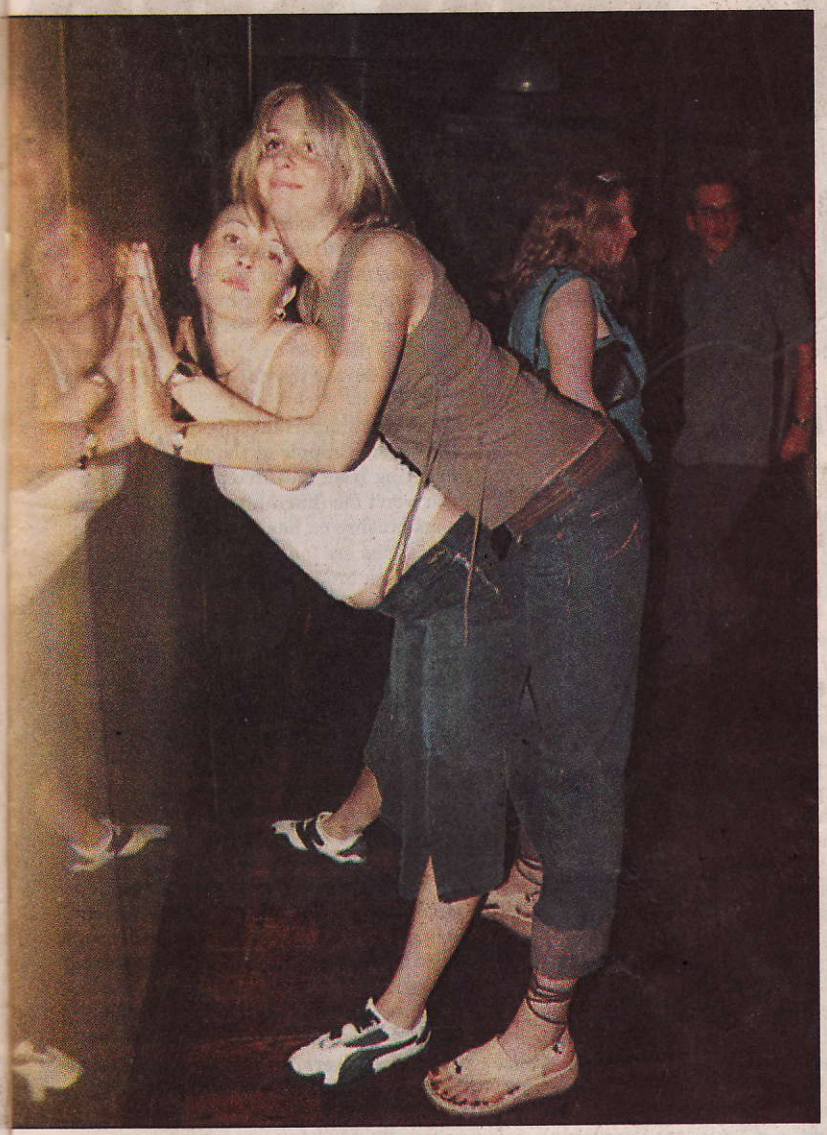
All three venues mentioned above have theatre licenses. A theatre license allows its holder to serve drink until half an hour after the 'performance' ends. You might ask what a theatre performance has to do with some faceless DJ playing loud dance music to a bunch of yokeheads and plastered revelers. In fact, a number of landmark court cases over the last decade or so have succeeded in broadening the definition of 'performance' in a theatre to include musical shows by bands and DJs. The law says that the drink can keep flowing until half an hour after the performance - but doesn't say when exactly the performance has to stop.

Therefore, in theory a nightclub with a theatre license can open until whenever it feels like closing.

Obviously the Gardai would probably launch a coup d'etat if nightclubs were actually allowed open all night, so a compromise has been reached. Clubs with theatre licenses have generally agreed to close some time around the 4am mark.

Because of their shift changeover, this is a time that suits the cops, according to one club insider. "Most night duty Gardai finish their shift at 5am. The last thing they want is a whole load of people pouring out onto the streets just before this. If there's any trouble, they don't want to be sitting down to a pile of paperwork five minutes before their shift is meant to end." The 4am closing time means that any hassle can be taken care of and put to bed by the time the boys in blue want to head home to theirs.

Another club to avail of this interesting theatre license loophole is the Temple Theatre, although it is still shutting up shop slightly earlier than the likes of Spirit and the Tivoli. This is more to do with local residents than the Gardai, though - there are hundreds of people living in blocks of

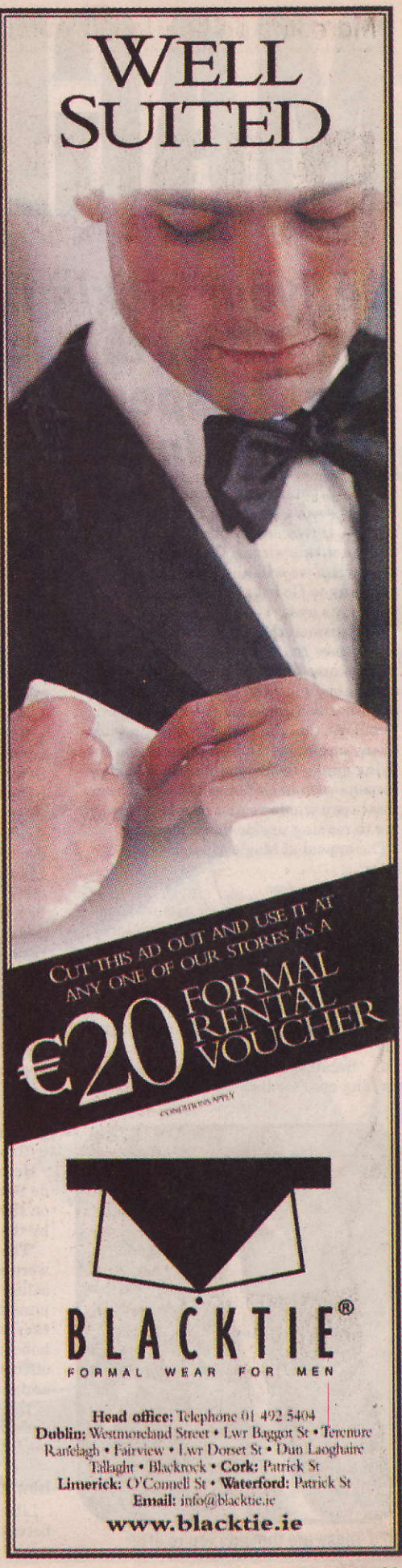


This is the kind of shit that happens if you stay out after 3am

flats across the road from the venue, and they will almost certainly start objecting to the license if the club makes any dramatic changes to its closing time.

But why don't the other clubs just tell the cops to fuck off and exercise their legal right to open all night? Firstly, because most venues probably have very little interest in staying open until 8am or 9am, when the majority of sane people have slowed their drinking speed down to a crawl, and you have to pay staff about ten times their normal wages. Secondly, as well as a theatre license - which is what lets you sell booze - you also need a dance license to run a club. There is no time limit written into the law books for this dance license, but when you apply to have it renewed in the courts each year, it is at the judge's discretion to say what time of the night the license runs until (there is currently a joint application going through the courts from a number of Dublin clubs - the aim of which is to push the normal closing time for this license back later into the night). Thirdly, pissing off the Gardai is an extremely bad business strategy for a nightclub to engage in. With licenses up for renewal every year, all it takes is a couple of complaints (no matter how ridiculous) from the local cop before some thick judge decides that the venue in question is a den of evil.

Anyway, the current situation is certainly far preferable to the shit we have had to put up with for the last five years, where clubs had to shut down about five minutes after the pubs closed. It is also good to see the cops taking a more or less sensible approach to the issue - instead of trying to claim that people staying out a bit later is going to result in death and damnation for the entire country.



MAGIC MUSHR

Get your picking gloves on and follow this guide if you want to spend the rest of your life in St. John of Gods

AFTER A summer that made the great flood of Noah's time look like an afternoon shower, Dubliners will be preparing for the worst this winter. Christmas is on the way, when we will all run out of money, and pray to God that his yearlong piss on our city is over.

But between these two wretched seasons comes the mushroom picking period, when scores of industrious people head out to the fields and mountains in order to gather and consume the famous Funky Fungi. At this time of year it is a regular occurrence to see Dublin registration cars flying aimlessly around narrow Wicklow boreens with hash fumes billowing from their open windows and people inside trying to reading upside down maps.

The appeal of Magic Mushrooms is clear:

1. They're free
2. You don't have to sit around some dilapidated flat on the South Circular road pretending to be friendly to a whole load of Cavan drug-addicts to get them
3. You don't get some cunt in London or Amsterdam adding toxic cleaning products to them in order to bulk-up the quantity
4. Because of this, the comedown is nothing near as dirty as Dublin ecstasy or as horrendous as bad acid. The main danger with shrooms is that they can drive you mad - but we urge all readers, particularly children, to go out and take them anyway. Sure why not.

These are the lads you're after

So without further ado, The Slate will provide you with some vital information about getting mushrooms in Dublin.

First of all, a bit of history

Magic mushrooms have been used by mankind for thousands of years. While ancient pictures of strange mushroom-headed people have been found in Saharan desert caves and use of these hallucinogens is recorded in antediluvian Siberia, it is in central and South America that their consumption is best documented in history. Native American Indians used mushrooms - along with other mind-bending substances such as Peyote - for religious purposes. Growing and cultivating their plants was a very ritualistic procedure, and during their trips these believed they encountered various Gods and demons. This practice was soon almost completely eradicated by the arrival of the magnificent Spaniard Catholics, who were disgusted by the use of such hallucinogens. They preferred raping women, chopping up children and teaching the poor natives a whole load of rubbish about the Son of God being born without his mother ever having sex.

Here is what Spanish priest Bernardino de Sahagun (around 1500 AD) had to say on the use of hallucinogenic mushrooms by the Aztecs:

"The first thing to be eaten at the feast were small black mushrooms that they called nanacatl and brought on drunkenness, hallucinations and even lechery; they ate these before the dawn...with honey; and when they began to feel the effects, they began to dance, some sang and others wept... When the drunkenness of the mushrooms had passed, they spoke with one another of the visions they had seen."

How to spot Magic Mushrooms

Liberty Cap mushrooms are generally between one and three inches high. Although they can be found pretty much all year round, they are most plentiful between autumn and winter - i.e. now. The cap is a little over half an inch in diameter. They're generally brown in the morning (because they're wet) and creamy later on during the day when they dry out a bit.

The most important aspect of them is the orangey nipple at the top. If you stick to eating Irish mushrooms with nipples you won't die (hurrah!) because no poisonous mushroom has one here, hopefully. The stems are long and thin and they have dark brown or grey gills which curve into the cap.

Picking tip: don't pull them out of the ground, because then you remove the 'roots' (not the proper term for fungi, but you get the idea), and they won't grow back. If you use your fingernails to clip them off just above the ground, they'll grow back eventually.

Good places to pick mushrooms.

Competition-free zones are the best places to pick. As the year wears on, it's easier to find Mushrooms in the west and south. But here are some reasonably well-known spots in or near the Dublin area if you're desperate.

1. Stepaside golf course, deep in Dublin's Southside. Take the bus (44 or 63) and ask permission - tell them you are looking for lost balls.
2. The Golf course near Johnny Fox's pub in Wicklow.
3. The Curragh Race Course - stay away from the firing range and the main gates of the camp.
4. "Mushie Mountain" in Kiltipper. Take the first left off Kiltipper Road in Tallaght and go up to the top of that road and right there will be this strangely named mount.
5. Howth: Find Thormanby Road on the map and turn left of it up the Upper Cliff Road. Go past the turn to the left and there is a gate straight ahead of you. Jump over it (you may have to avoid some horses) and you should be in what is known as The Four Fields. There should be plenty there.
6. St. Columba's College: This ridiculous West Brit boarding school (beside Marlay Park) becomes even more strange during the mushie season. The students climb out their windows at night and get completely fucked on the plentiful crop that grows in the fields around the school. Adam Clayton lives next door and apparently his garden is good for them too.

ROOMS

Further information to be found on the interweb:

www.thesite.org/info/drugs/the_drugs/magic_mushrooms.html

nepenthes.lycaeum.org/Plants/shrooms/

www.magic-mushrooms.net/

www.paddo.nl

Now some Technical Bullshit

The following is some scientific information which may help you stop hippies talking shite about how Magic Mushrooms hold the secrets of the cosmos.

The name of the common 'Irish' magic mushroom is "Psilocybe", and it comes from the Greek words "psilos" (bare) and "kube" (head). The best-known hallucinogens in Psilocybe mushrooms are the chemicals psilocybin and psilocin. Both are alkaloids, and psilocin is thought to be a little more potent. What it does to your brain to make you think that you can talk to bits of furniture is not yet known. However, according to one website we looked at briefly before moving off somewhere more interesting, both these psychoactive components bear "close resemblance to the neurotransmitter serotonin" and go some way towards fucking around with your serotonin transmitters. Serotonin, as all ravers know, controls your mood swings. The technical name for the 'liberty cap' mushroom most common in Ireland is Psilocybe Semilanceata.

Storage

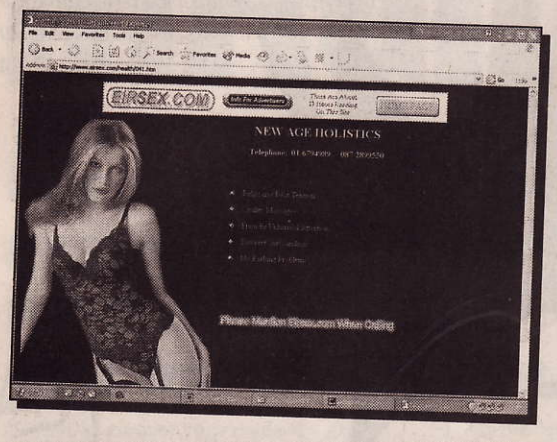
If you're not planning on taking them immediately, you can dry them out and keep them for up to six months. Any longer and they're about as good as a kick in the gee in terms of tripping. Dry them by leaving small amounts on some kitchen paper on a warm - but not hot - surface. For larger amounts, you can put them under the lowest heat in your oven (below 30 degrees Celsius), but beware they'll make your place smell like a brothel.

Once dried, keep put them in a sealed ziplock bag and keep them in a cool, dark place. You can freeze them if you like, but do not dare to freeze mushrooms that have not been dried out beforehand. The reason for this is the expansion of the freezing water in the cells ruptures the cell walls and thus opens them up for oxidation, making them completely useless.

A good idea for storage is chopping them up and mixing them into honey. The shroom honey is then spread on bread or whatever and eaten

Paddy sex online

A new site dedicated to Irish fornication shows how great we all are in the sack



THE IRISH, widely renowned as a nation of great lovers, now have a website devoted to our indigenous sex endeavours. www.eirsex.com is English-based, but committed to providing us randy Paddies with a sackload of adult information. It's all there - Male Escorts, Swinging Ireland, Piercing and plenty of things which prove that we are becoming as sordid as filth-obsessed Britain.

Of particular note on the site is the 'Health Clubs' section which includes suspicious-looking listings for 'Massage Parlours' and 'Saunas'. Alongside the listings are mobile phone numbers and bizarre photographs of immodestly attired women with fake tits posing in exotic locations. What kind of massage parlours are these, one wonders?

Readers may remember Mike Hogan, a failed Irish publisher who recently admitted he was crap at that business and is now trying to flog all his magazines. A couple of years ago, Mad Mike's In Dublin was found to be taking adverts for 'Massage Parlours' which actually turned out to be straight-up bawdyhouses.

Also of interest on eirsex.com is the agony aunt page. In a surprising move, the site owners appear to have employed former Smiths singer Morrissey to choose the catchlines for their letters - choice examples being 'Too Ugly or too Old to Love', 'Mother-In-Law from Hell' and 'Letter Burning A Hole In Her Pocket'.

Hogan: Brothels

Bearing in mind that this is a site for the great Irish, the following letter from a reader seems somewhat mysterious: "Recently my boyfriend of 5 years went to a strip club for a bachelor party in Indianapolis, we are from Kentucky, he bought two lap dances and touched the girls butt and outer thighs". What use this will be to a Castlebar mother of five whose chief problem is that her farmer husband prefers intercourse with the family dog is unclear.

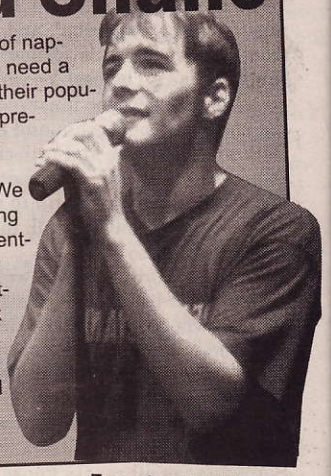
The nation is in danger

However, the real danger here will be from people of other nationalities stealing our sex-techniques. This site is on the world wide web, which means that all the other races around the globe will have access to our famous one-word chat-up lines and love-making tricks which include falling asleep before the act is even half way done. The government must act quickly and introduce a nationality check for site visitors to make sure no valuable state secrets are lost to the Frogs, the Krauts or even the evil Iraqis who might pilfer them for their own sick sex games.

3am Live at

IL PRIMO CELEBRITY

Shitfaced Shane



Now that Westlife's audience is out of nappies, the lads obviously reckon they need a bit of an image change to maintain their popularity. So the band have decided to pretend that they are actually real mad lads rather than the complete saps we have become accustomed to. "We have been working hard and partying even harder," said Shane Filan recently. And to prove it, the cheezy cunt came staggering out of an LA nightclub recently trying like fuck to look like he was legless. Unfortunately, Shane has probably never been drunk in his life, and he just looked like he was attempting to take a shit in his pants.

Freewheelin' Filan

SPOTTED!

Jordan, in Drogheda. Does this mean the arse has totally fallen out of her career?

Beaten with the ugly Six

Original lads' mag Loaded is more or less going down the tubes these days, and one look at their latest cover is enough to see why. Normally, Loaded, FHM, etc. will have a picture on the cover of a slightly attractive woman rubbing her fake tits and somehow managing to look like she wants to have the hand dropped on her by the magazine's twattish readers. This time, however, Loaded decided to feature the three doggish-looking girls from Six on their front page.

A less attractive group of females you wouldn't see at a women's weightlifting contest, but there they were: Emma, Sarah and Sinead - shaming Ireland in nothing but their underwear. Thank God the shocking magazine cover was not for consumption outside this country, as the condescending Brits had only featured the girls on the front of their Oirish edition.

The poor dog

MACGOWAN HITS TOWAN

SHANE MACGOWAN spent a truly miserable night in Dublin last month, leaving most people with the impression that he'd be better off dead at this stage. First off, Shane played in the Olympia, where he was so fucked, he managed to puke on top of some people in the front row. These boring fucks were obviously at the wrong concert by accident, as witnessed by the fact that they rang up Joe Duffy the next day to complain about the state of MacGowan.

After the gig, Shane rolled around the corner for his 'DJ set' at Death Disco in Eamon Doran's. This freak show involved the wheelchair-bound singer being handed CDs, vaguely pointing at some song on the tracklist, and then handing the CD back to someone else who would put on a different tune.

COLUMN IN EL MUNDO

CATRINA'S CRUSADE

Our marvellous Miss Ireland won't let scheming bitch rivals rob her of a shot at the big time

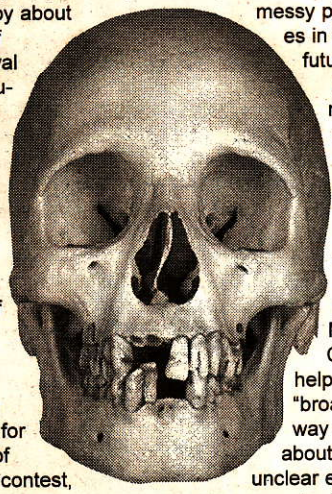
Brave Miss Ireland Catrina Supple (right) is refusing to pull out of this year's Miss World contest. The 2002 tart-fest is being held in Nigeria, and a number of other contestants have withdrawn in protest at the rather violent anti-woman attitudes that prevail in that country. In particular, they are unhappy about the case of Amina Lawal - an unfortunate woman who has been sentenced to death by stoning for having a child out of wedlock.

The European Parliament has called for a boycott of this year's contest, and Miss Ivory Coast, Miss Kenya and Miss Denmark have all decided to give it a miss.

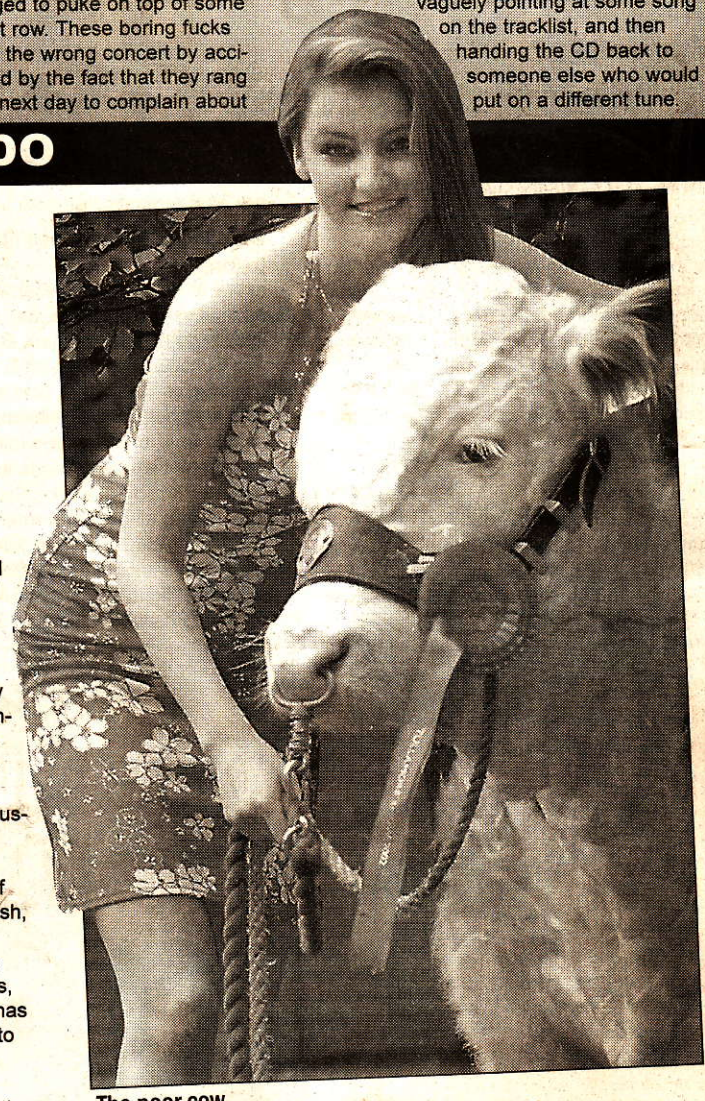
Not our Catrina though! Aware of the damage it would do Ireland to be missing from this fantastic event, the 18-year-old Cork beauty refused to get involved in the boycott. And Catrina cleverly deflected the attention away from herself by basically blaming Miss Nigeria (the current Miss World) for your woman's impending execution. "If I were Miss World I would use any influence I had to change all that."

Seeing as she is a bit of a dog, there is absolutely no chance of this happening. So Catrina does not need to worry about getting involved with any messy political causes in the near future.

Instead of making rash, career-wrecking decisions, Catrina has decided to use the unique power of the Miss World Contest to help Nigerians "broaden their way of thinking about women." It is unclear exactly what she is planning but, with any luck, the Nigerian Muslims will soon realise that, instead of having their ladies wrapped up in burqas all day, they could have them walking around swimming pools looking like braindead sluts instead. Unfortunately, though, the reality is that Miss World has about as much influence as Princess Di's rotting corpse, and none of this is going to make any difference anyway.



Princess Diana was not available for comment



The poor cow

Ronan the Big Ride

Ronan Keating has been voted the sexiest pop star in the world! This may sound about as plausible as Osama Bin Laden being made Man of the Millennium, but it's true - according to The Star anyway. Ireland's Brightest Daily reported last month that a mysterious poll to find the most attractive men on earth had placed the rat-faced Northsider at number 3 - behind only David Beckham and Josh Hartnett. This meant that Ronan left the rest of the pop world in his wake as he blazed into the affections of women across the globe, "beating off stiff competition from the likes of Blue's Duncan James, Will Young, Gareth Gates and Enrique Iglesias." And the poll, which (unsurprisingly) was not named, caused great joy for the blonde bollox. "Ronan didn't think he'd top polls," said a 'source'. "But he has and is very proud."

The Missing Rinks

By December, Dublin will have two new ice-skating facilities - in Smithfield and the IFSC. As usual, we give you the lowdown

What will these ice rinks be like?
You may have seen movies of New York at Christmastime, with people like Bing Crosby skating around in front of the Rockefeller Centre singing songs about his shiny new spats. Well there will be no similarities between that scene and either of the Dublin projects. Instead our ice rinks will be full of uncoordinated grannies and pregnant teenagers, all skating into each other and cursing as the rain falls down and gives everyone a dose of the flu for Christmas.

What's the difference between the two ice rinks?
The one in the IFSC is smaller and far more dangerous by the looks of things. It will have a Santa's grotto and a snow-making machine which fires radioactive particles down on top of the skaters. There will also be a laser show which, with any luck, will go completely wrong and cremate some pair of banking cunts who are on a romantic half hour lunchtime date.

Have there ever been ice rinks in Dublin before?
Yes. For some reason, they were always located in areas where there was a lot of vigilante activity going on: Dolphin's Barn, Phibsboro, and Simon's Skatepark on Sir John Rogerson's Quay. One time in the late 80s, a rave was held in the Phibsboro ice rink. It didn't end until lunchtime the following day, at which point all the E-heads started staggering around Phibsboro scaring the fuck out of junkies and all the old women doing their shopping. Apart from that, ice rinks were mainly used by violent 80s children who went there to smoke, fight, and skate over the fingers of other youths who had fallen on their snot.

People have started queuing already for ice rink tickets

JOURNALIST PROFILE

SHITTY SHLICKER

A chap in his mid-20s has produced a column which manages to make the Sunday World an even worse newspaper than it already was - Bravo!

JOURNALISTS AT the Sunday World traditionally concentrate on publishing pictures of the strippers they meet in lap-dancing clubs, writing about who is shagging John Gilligan's daughter, and trying to make Irish people hate foreigners more than they do already. In spite of all this, a column called City Slicker has somehow managed to lessen the moral worth of that paper even further. Billed as the 'diary of a young Irishman', it is in fact written by Karl Brophy - political correspondant for the Irish Independent and son of Sunday World Managing Director Michael Brophy.

Unfortunately, this great journalist Brophy has recently jetted off to South Africa where he will work for a different tentacle of Tony O'Reilly's media empire. At this point we feel it is appropriate to ponder his superb column and the joy it brought to the people of Ireland.

City Slicker on the Mayday Reclaim the Streets Protesters

Brophy is often fond of forgetting about his wealthy middle-class background, pretending instead to be a salt-of-the-earth working class diamond. "Anti-globalisation protestors. Don't you just love the spoiled middle-class brats?" was how he started an anti-RTS rant last May, failing to remember anything about his own personal history. This plain-talking young Irishman was educated in St. Michael's College on Ailesbury Road, D4, and luxury boarding school Clongowes Wood College.

"There was a time when true working class revolutionaries took to the streets to protest at the injustice of oppressive governments," he reminisces fondly in the same article, perhaps remembering his own completely unradical days as a student in UCD.

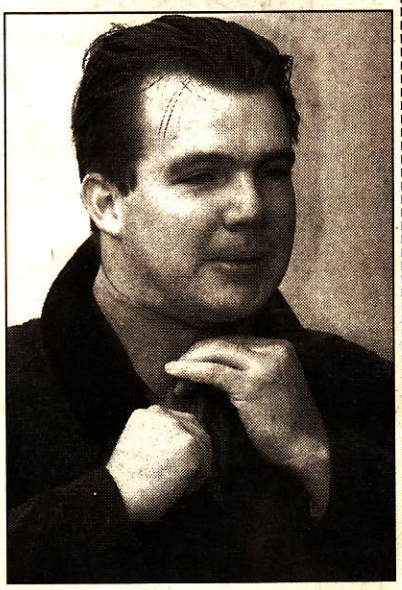
City Slicker on the wages for members of the civil service

A few short weeks later, Brophy again has a convenient fit of amnesia and forgets his warm-hearted view of radical socialism. "The really disgusting thing about the whole exercise," he says of 'greedy' teachers wanting more pay "is that everyone else in the country is going to have to pay to give these people a rise in their salaries". "This is not democracy," he moans. "It's a form of the worst kind of communism."

City Slicker on Travellers

Karl Brophy loves the travelling community. He fondly describes how they live in "dirty black caravans" and love nothing more than destroying the countryside and cheating money out of poor publicans. "On a daily basis, travellers break more laws than any other group of people in the country," he claims. Really? What 'other groups' is he talking about here? Needless to say, no unnecessary statistics are introduced which might get in the way of this well-considered viewpoint.

City Slicker took particular offence at a recent poster campaign which was paid for by the Citizen Traveller rights group.



The handsome City Slicker aka Karl Brophy

"Now here's a suggestion for the people in Citizen Traveller," he proclaimed righteously. "If you're so concerned about the lack of accommodation, stop wasting all your money on posters. Try buying some land, developing it yourself and living on it. That's what most of the rest of us 'citizens' have to do when we want somewhere to live." This comes straight from the heart. With his well-off upbringing and Daddy's contacts, Brophy had a particularly hard time finding his way in the world.

He is clearly a rational and balanced man, and we wish him all the best in his quest to bring a fair and objective viewpoint to the people of South Africa.

Saddam taking potshots at journalists from The Star

Saddam the Viagra Addict

NOT CONTENT with amassing weapons of mass destruction and disobeying the righteous yanks, Saddam Hussein has also made an enemy out of Ireland's mighty Star newspaper, who revealed that the dictator "used Viagra to fuel sex sessions".

And as if this wasn't reason enough to start World War Three, it turns out that he also "got kicks out of tapes of his enemies being tortured". While the Star were most likely unable to get in touch with the man himself to test the veracity of these claims, they had a very reliable source for their info - some madwoman who claims to be Saddam's former lover. The fact that this embittered nitbag appeared on American misinformation station NBC is surely as good a reason as any to completely ignore anything she says.

But this didn't stop The Star. Operating on the logic that Hussein is to busy building a five mile deep nuclear-proof bunker to bother nipping over to Ireland to sue them, they printed some other choice bits of Yankee propaganda:

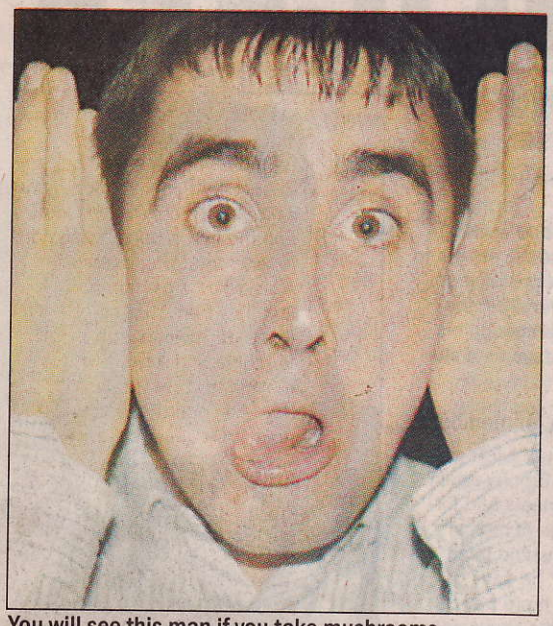
1. Saddam is an atheist

2. He is a good mate of Osama Bin Laden and gives regular funding to the world's most popular terrorist

3. Saddam has three wives and six mistresses

These are three first-rate reasons to go to war at once. Let's roll.

Out & About



You will see this man if you take mushrooms

Digital watch

The big Mozarella

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Once off clubbing

SUGAR BROWN

FRIDAY 04 OCTOBER
TIVOLI €8/6

The UK urban scenes of rnb, hip-hop and especially garage are choking with excellent female DJs and crews so it's baffling that the only one we ever see from one end of the year to the next is Sugar Brown. Not that anyone's complaining. Sugar is definitely no trouble on the eye but that's no reason not to take her seriously. Although owning a pair of knockers is always an advantage in DJing, no matter what style you choose to play, Sugar Brown has done it the hard way. She has earned a reputation in UK clubs like Hanover Grand that easily ranks with the males of her species - not to mention her slots on the radio, where she's excelled as a music DJ and rnb interviewer. Expect to be well entertained with enough big fat rnb monsters to distract you from the fact that you're in the bizarre-looking Tivoli. Support from Karlos.

CHRIS MASSIV AND TROYE LILLEY

FRIDAY 04 OCTOBER
LOBO, THE MORRISION €13

Somebody should tell Craig Massiv that, while it may sound cool to South Africans like himself, his surname is completely unacceptable anywhere else and makes him sound like a happy hardcore merchant from Aberdeen. Troye Lilley is nearly as bad. Together they form a duo called Soul Khula whose digital soul sound has been wowing their fellow countrymen for the last two years and has earned them a UK deal on Inspirit Records. Tonight marks their debut at Ultra Lounge. Unfortunately their futuristic take on jazz and soul is likely to be lost on half the arseholes here. The clubnight itself suffers from a self-inflicted image problem and is located in the Morrison Hotel (why would you want to go there except to firebomb the place?), which is not good news for any self-regarding club-goer. Still, the guest spinners are top-notch and it's another chance to avoid house music and still have a good time on a Friday night.

JUSTIN ROBERTSON

FRIDAY 04 OCTOBER
SPIRIT €15

Speccy egghead Justin Robertson has been suffering from a slight identity crisis lately. While his closest peers Andrew Weatherall and David Holmes have found their niche with dancefloor electro-techno and becoming a Hollywood whore respectively, Robbo still seems lost somewhere between hard-edged techno and jazzy Nuphonic-style house. This doesn't inspire confidence in the average punter who, quite rightly, wants to know what he's getting on the night. The good news for fluffy Spirit-eers is he's likely to plump for the latter tonight, perhaps graduating to the Bugged Out funky techno of Umek et al. This is undoubtable bums-in-gear stuff and will have the place rocking. Rather than sitting watching him play an interminable jackhammer set and contemplating what a weird looking fucker he truly is...

Justin Robertson: secret love child of Harry Hill and Rolf Harris

MR C & JAMES LAVELLE

SATURDAY 05 OCTOBER
TIVOLI **€16.90**

This man is back in the Tivoli again - with an even stupider haircut than usual. For those who have spent the last five years on Achill Island, the former Shamen frontman has been trying desperately to be taken seriously. Gone is most of the matey rapping and leering of the Shamen's heyday. In comes tech-house, a pretty fucking serious genre by anyone's standards. When he's on form, there's an irresistibly bouncy funk to the proceedings, but unfortunately when he's not (or when he fancies 'educating' the crowd) the anti-chemistry can bore you to screaming point. Also, one of the last times he played the Tivoli, everyone complained that the sound was muck incarnate - only livened up by the odd bit of scratching and some quickfire examples of that old matey rapping style on top of the records. Fingers crossed both he and the soundman are on it tonight. Mr. C is joined tonight by James Lavelle. Known universally as Captain Trip Hop, the Mo'Wax founder and U.N.C.K.L.E. mastermind has performed a spectacular U-turn recently - he now plays tech-house. So there won't be a scrap between himself and old Ebeneezer behind the decks.

TIM LYALL AND CORVIN DALEK

SATURDAY 05 OCTOBER
TEMPLE THEATRE **€20**

Temple Theatre in shocking no-Italians-tonight Saturday bill! In fact the Italian label BXR's grip on Saturday nights in the Temple may be loosening, as only the bank holiday Sunday this month is associated with them (see The Italian Job elsewhere in the once offs). Resident at Birmingham's Slinky, a lesser-known but fiercely up-for-it superclub, Tim Lyall is a complete nobody as far as Dubliners are concerned. He may have to work hard to win the typical sweaty-fringed pill gobbler crowd over to his break-fuelled tribal beats. He may not have too much time to work them, though, as it's almost guaranteed he'll be on before Temple favourite Corvin Dalek. This Hungarian lad's trademark sound has been unpleasantly dubbed 'Wet and Hard' but think Mauro Picotto and you're on the right track. He also holds the world record for mixing on ten Technics turntables. What the fuck is wrong with you man - isn't two enough?

CLAUDE YOUNG

SATURDAY 05 OCTOBER
TBMC **€13**

Claude Young hails from nerd-central, Detroit. In terms of attitude and force though, his music style is about as far away from neighbours like Derrick May as is possible under the common umbrella of techno. Young is part of a third wave of Detroitsters who are more concerned with ass-kicking than asthetics. Last seen here in Dublin at the opening of Switch's weekly night, techno.ie, he proved why he's been asked back more times in the last 18 months than May, Juan Atkins and Kevin Saunderson put together. Expect a single-minded techno assault starting from minimal and melodic before moving on to face-smacking percussive. Also, while most techno DJs feel they can't turn up at a gig these days without an extra turntable and a few 80s drum machines under their arm, Young is one of the rare jocks who actually uses them well.

Write for us

Mail
clubbing@theslate.ie

Done to DEAF

DEAF (DUBLIN ELECTRONIC ARTS FESTIVAL): DUBLIN PRESENTS

SATURDAY 26 OCTOBER
GUINNESS STOREHOUSE €20

WELL-KNOWN as a shower of smartarsed fecks, we at The Slate are rarely shy with a snide comment - especially if it's in relation to some form of proposed entertainment that's put in front of us. So it comes as a great novelty to shut our cynical gobs in the face of this, the Dublin Electronic Arts Festival. Bandied around as an upcoming event for the past few months, the very name made us fear the worst. The word Arts is generally unwelcome on most sensible people's doorsteps, but teamed up with Electronic it sounds blatantly like encouragement to those who would like to divorce electronic music from its natural element of clubs, drugs and fun, and make it into one of 'the arts'. Thankfully the festival - and in particular this mega-bash at the Storehouse - is as red-blooded a celebration of 'electronic arts' as we could hope for.

Tonight there's not one but five rooms full of the highest quality local and international bootyshaking acts. Where do we start? On the DEAF Stage there's two rarer-than-hen's-teeth live performances - from UK drum n bass legends 4 Hero and the mysterious Detroit electro-bods Aux Men - with Decal also playing live. On the Bassbin Stage, the home team of Naphta, Breaker, Con and MC Wuzza are joined by two drum n bass live acts, Polska and the UK's Paradox. The Front End Synthetics Stage features noted beard-core auteur Mike Paradinas DJing alongside local live goodies from Ambulance, Front End Synthetics, Burning Man, Somadrome and The Last Sound. Possibly the best Dublin club night of the year, Hustle, have their own stage with the deep house tag team of Mark Dixon and Billy Scurry being joined by Soulsearcher live. Finally, in the Atrium, the Firehouse Skank Sound System meets the Vibrator Stage. This will feature the reggae club's residents facing off against Stender, Benge and Vessel (Expanding Records) from Vibrator.

With a vicious rumour circulating that somebody or something from Detroit's Underground Resistance collective might show up as the special guest, this will end up packed. Be warned - tickets will not be available on the door, so get one fast in Big Brother Records, Selectah and Tower.

Paradox gets lost in Guinnesses

MORE DEAF GIGS YOU'D BE DUMB TO MISS...

OPTIC NERVE (KEITH TUCKER) AND DJ ASSAULT

FRIDAY 25 OCTOBER
CRYPT, TEMPLE THEATRE €13

This is the kind of gig that would have made the grade on its own, any month of the year. Beyond support DJ Scott Logan (who's Friday night powerfm.org radio show is heavy on the classic Detroit techno sound) it's another side of the Motor City to what you might be used to.
Keith Tucker is the man most responsible for taking the breakdance sound of electro into the cold heart of Detroit and spitting it back out as a fast, brutal cyborg attack. A founder member of the legendary Aux 88, he's gone on to develop that sound on his own 430 West and Direct Beat labels. His live performance tonight (as Optic Nerve) has been long awaited here in Dublin. Tucker is backed up by DJ Assault, the king of booty bass - Detroit electro's lewd and horny younger brother. Top Gig.

MARK BROOM

SUNDAY 27 OCTOBER
4, DAME LANE FREE

There's one primary reason for getting yourself down to this one - it's free. That is, if you can get yourself invites because it's an invite only affair. 4 Dame Lane, under normal circumstances, would be full of cock-suckers carrying on disgraceful, trumpeting loudly about their great jobs and lashing money around. Tonight it's uniquely placed to cater for two very different electronic arts - techno and hip-hop. The hip-hop is downstairs, featuring five Choice Cuts gang members Tu-Ki, Mayhem, Splyce, OB and Rizm with two lads from Cologne's Traum collective, Iquinn and Riely Reinhold and also Aivar Tonso from Estonia. The techno upstairs will be a live affair with Dublin's Active Service Unit, Rob Rowland, David Donohue and more teaming up with regular D1 guest, Mark Broom, who will be playing live as Visitor. D1's Eamonn Doyle has the tickets - e-mail him (address on the DEAF website) and threaten him for one.

NEUROMANTIK

THURSDAY 24 OCTOBER
THOMAS HOUSE FREE

Neuromantik is no mean club-night in itself, a self-sufficient nucleus of Dublin electro and techno enthusiasts lashing out their beloved sound to a hard-core following every week (or playing obscure electro tracks to their mates, whichever you like). But there's another reason for recommending that you get down here tonight. Local techno producer Skatter will be kicking it live, yes, but the unusual attraction here in the Thomas House will be the Irish debut screening of a US documentary on Miami bass. Bass Frequency charts the boom in popularity that this challenging, physical music has experienced since 1999 and is a must for anyone interested in electro, booty, or Miami bass itself. And it's free.

BEST OF THE REST

Sunday 20 October at The International Bar will be Lazybird featuring **The Black Egg** and **Schroeder's Cat** Live. Organic experimental stuff (from 8-12, four quid in). Monday 21 October at The Thomas House will house weird electronica from Vibrator featuring Irish lads **Chequerboard, Hardsleeper** and **Karl Him** up against the yankee boy **Colophon** (8-12 and free in).
Wednesday 23 October is reggae central with the Firehouse Skank lot, featuring **Michael Kelly** and **Roots Man** selecting in the Parnell Mooney (11-2, fiver in). Friday 25 October in RiRa/The Globe is Choice Cuts night with the CC Residents battling it out in RiRa while **The Fear (Dave Mooney** and **Droid n Slug**) scare the fuck out of us in The Globe (€10). Also on Friday 25 the Thomas House will be heaving to **Dirty Sanchez**' live drum n bass, followed by members of the **Gappy Foundation** (9-12.30 and free in). If you don't get tickets for the big gig on Saturday, try Bodkins where **Toirse** of Front End Synthetics will be joined by **Rob McKean** and **Shane O'Sullivan** (10-2.30, free in). On Sunday, Vicar St. gets in on the act with the Irish Electronic Music Sessions with **Iarla O'Lionard** and **Esoterica** (from 9-12.30, admission tbc). And that's not even the half of it - check out www.deaf2002.com for more listings and up to date info.

Just let Dammers get you dancing

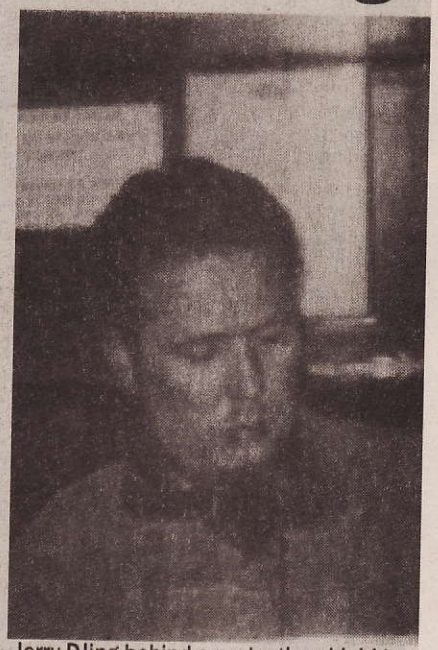
100% DYNAMITE FEATURING JERRY DAMMERS

FRIDAY 04 OCTOBER
THE SHELTER €14

STRONG RUMOURS abound that this may be the last ever 100% Dynamite night, so there's no better occasion to salute a stylish and savvy club which has always occupied its own unique position on the Dublin clubbing landscape. What matter that it was often full of confused cunts doing their best to stomach the fairly obscure and challenging Jamaican ska, rocksteady, soul and funk. After all, most Dublin ears were raised on Enya and Bruce Springsteen - which is as large a gap from the yards of Kingston as the one between ex-Special Jerry Dammers two front teeth. That's if he still has them. Topped only by Shane McGowan in the dentally challenged stakes, Dammers nevertheless packs a huge bite behind the turntables.

In addition to his peerless 7" collection and an unfathomable depth of knowledge about Jamaican music and culture, Dammers brings pure star quality to The Shelter tonight. This is the man who (more than Weller even) locked into the mood of young Britain in the late 1970s when the Two Tone movement took off. The concept, the look, the record label - it was all down to him.

Not to mention The Specials, who are one of the platinum coterie of groups - Beatles, Madness, Jam, Stone Roses - whose goodwill in the public eye cannot be touched by scandal or time. Yes, we love him - not least for musical wilfulness which saw him leave The Specials and abandon ska (and success) for loungey exotica. It's that stubbornness which sees him here tonight lashing out the music he's passionate about in a tiny club, instead of hawking his arse around the revival circuit. When he's behind the decks, you can expect vintage ska and then some - anything from jazzy leftfield to 2-step garage. Enjoy.



Jerry DJing behind a protective shield to keep hysterical females at bay

GRAB THE MONEY AND RUN

WEDNESDAY 09 OCTOBER
SHELTER €TBC

Not, as you might have thought, a special mid-week seminar featuring a line up of Dublin's biggest promoters, but actually a charity gig for the National Council Of The Blind. Top of the bill is Billy Scurry, one of Dublin's best DJs. His music style has mellowed over the last few years - anyone who thinks he still lashes out the techno of his Temple Of Sound days is well out of date. He's joined on the bill by like-minded soul Jason O Callaghan (he's not that retarded Sunday Indo gossip columnist, by the way). Another Dublin stalwart, Sides resident Pat Hyland finishes off the bill. Grand way to break up the week with gentle deep house expected.

G-MONEY

FRIDAY 11 OCTOBER
TEMPLE THEATRE €13

The subtle move towards hip hop at Rhythm Corporation (the Temple's long-running Friday night rnb party) seems to be down to new resident Frank Jez. At Thursday's Vibe night in the Pod, Frank is known to dip in and out of hip hop - but in such a way as not to disrupt the ass-wiggling or alienate the ladies. His guest for the night, G-Money seems likely to match him on that score. Having spent some formative years in Jamaica (where he was sent from his home in North London to be educated), G discovered pirate radio there in the late 80s. He set up Bassline FM when he returned to London in 1993. Ten years of apprenticeship has now paid off in the form of a show on BBC Radio 1Xtra. Judging by the quality of the 1Xtra roster, he should be a fairly safe bet to rock the Temple.

TIM SHERIDAN (DOPE SMUGGLAZ)

FRIDAY 11 OCTOBER
SPIRIT €15

Heads were scratched all round when it was announced that one Tim Sheridan would be playing Spirit this month. Embarrassingly, no one seemed to know who the fuck he was. Only when the Dope Smugglaz moniker was hastily attached to his name did the penny drop. This level of anonymity is a tribute to the Dope Smugglaz consistent low profile in an industry hell-bent on overexposure. Sheridan's DJ style can be eclectic but the core sound is the Dope Smugglaz own - French house with an acidic wiggle. The Smugglaz may have lost their way a bit with their last move being a pretty blatant attempt at chart success (the Malcolm McLaren-sampling Double Dutch) but be assured tonight's set will be underground house, served up with a smile.

KARSTEN JOHN

FRIDAY 11 OCTOBER
LOBO, THE MORRISON €13

This Cologne resident arrives in Dublin next month as a guest of the Ultra Lounge night - originally set up as a joint venture by Strictly Fish and the now-defunct Velure. Based on the lounge-core CD series of the same name, Ultra Lounge ceased trading in 1998, mainly because they were sick of trying to generate their kitsch 'International Man Of Mystery' vibe in kips like The Da Club and McGrattan's restaurant. Why they then chose to re-open in the Morrison is a mystery. With its postage stamp-sized dancefloor and a crowd who are less interested in music than most deaf people, it is nearly impossible to create an atmosphere here. Incidentally, it was Karsten John (of downtempo label Vinyl Vibes) who was guest when the club re-launched back in February, and his is a welcome return. The Germans are surprisingly good at the old jazzy chilled out stuff and he went down well last time. Expect a smattering of Latin and Brazilian obscurities as well as the downtempo future jazz he's known for.

Up your arsten, you Irish cunts, my name is not the wrong way round

BILLY NASTY AND GAETEK

SATURDAY 12 OCTOBER
SPIRIT €16.90

The man the dance music press once christened Sir William Of Nastiness has become for many Sir Boring Of Nowheresville. Nasty is one of Influx's longest-serving UK guests, topped only by Darren Emerson for the sheer volume of times he's been brought back by them since 1993. So he must be doing something right. But the move away from his roots in progressive house during the mid 90s to pursue a comparatively joyless vision of aggressive funk has proved at times nasty, indeed. The metallic techno and hard-nosed electro released on his Tortured Records is a good indication of what you'll hear tonight. Gaetano Parisino aka Gaetek is a Nasty protege who will be whacking it out in much the same way if a little funkier. Support tbc.

MAC ZIMMS AND DARREN 'FIXED' FLYNN

SATURDAY 12 OCTOBER
TEMPLE THEATRE €20

If your Dad hates dance music, but is intrigued by the way you love it so much, you might sit him down with a copy of Leftism or a well chosen compilation tape to put him straight. What you don't do is play him Mac Zimms Horny Horns. This heavily aggravating track would test the patience of a saint in any other capacity than down the Temple at 2 a.m. It's pretty much the rowdy, high-energy norm for Belgian Zimms, whose crowdpleasing hardbeat sets could be likened to Norman Cook on steroids. Ex-Temple resident Darren Flynn is back to knock out the BXR trance but why in the name of sweet Jesus he's calling himself Darren Fixed is beyond us. Ken Tobin supports.

Can't get no finer than the Soul Designer

FABRICE LIG (SOUL DESIGNER)

FRIDAY 11 OCTOBER
TBMC €16/14

OVER THE last year Dublin has played host to some of the legends of Detroit techno - Kevin Saunderson, Carl Craig, Juan Atkins - and it's fair to say that appreciation of one of the original modern dancefloor blueprints is growing here. Maybe it's the encroaching hard times and deflating of Celtic Tiger arrogance, but the retro comfiness and future-city escapism of the Detroit sound becomes more appealing with every cutback. In a way, Detroit techno has become the folk music of dance culture, with its wistful, plaintive synth melodies, fogey-like insistence on the same sounds and equipment as 1989 and obvious roots in a better time.

However, back in '89, when Fabrice Lig was whacking out headwrecking Belgian nu-beat as a DJ in his home town near Brussels, dreamy Detroit techno was the last thing on his mind. After releasing a few completely shit hardcore tracks in the early 90s (which he openly cringes about these days) the Motor City sound, particularly Saunderson's productions, started to get under his skin. His Interwaves EP was the beginning of a quest to generate dancefloor action in the old Detroit style. It's been a

I Lig like Andy Warhol, a bit

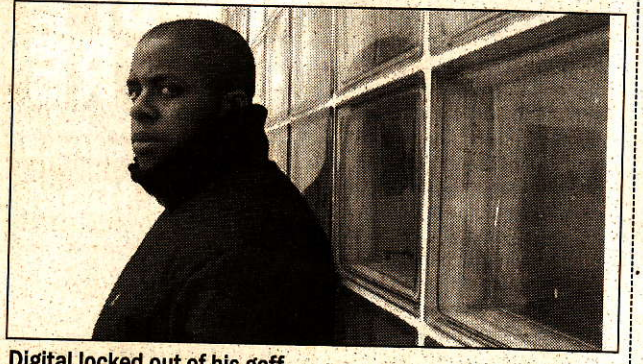
successful experiment for him, with praise coming from the originators themselves (he was the first honky to have a release - a remix of E-Dancer's Banjo - on Saunderson's all-black KMS label) and beyond. One particularly interested party was Laurent Garnier, who has since signed Lig (aka Sould Designer) up to his F Communications label.

No doubt he'll bring his love of Detroit and nearly fifteen years of DJing experience to the decks tonight. He'll also be perfectly supported by his Dublin soulmate Derek Carr (playing live tonight), plus Francois and Dezy Balmer. Nice n Nasty have put on a real cracker here.

DIGITAL

SATURDAY 12 OCTOBER
SHELTER €14

An outrageously large turn-out for Bassbin's 6th birthday in The Shelter last month spoke volumes for the fierce loyalty this drum n bass collective has built up in Dublin. The place was rammed by 12.30 and the club shut its doors not long after. The return of UK producer and DJ Digital highlights another of Bassbin's virtues - the consistent support of certain DJs who may not ring a bell with the casual onlooker but who have contributed something of value to the high-maintenance drum n bass scene. A stack of releases has seen Digital explore the crucial link between drum n bass/jungle and its most under-rated predecessor, dub reggae. He also creates serious danger behind the decks. Don't miss.



Digital locked out of his gaff

STRICTLY HANDBAG'S 8TH BIRTHDAY PARTY

MONDAY 14 OCTOBER
RIRA €10

How the fuck has this thing managed to last 8 years? And on a Monday too. You have to raise your handbag, don your hat and salute the Strictly Fish promoters for working the flimsiest of ideas (well dodgy 80s music in a predominately gay atmosphere) past the most conservative of Dublin clubbing institutions all those years ago. And now that d:Fuse (which was running for nearly a year before Strictly Handbag) was booted out of Frazers earlier this year, the Handbaggers can finally claim the title of Dublin's longest running club night. So, to celebrate 8 years of retro messing - tonight's line up is exactly the same as usual, with Aidan Kelly bashing out the 80s gear downstairs in RiRa and mad-looking Dandelion doing her northern soul and go-go thing upstairs in the Globe. Oh and Depeche Mode tribute band dMode tag along too.

Write about dance music for us: clubbing@theslate.ie

BARGAIN BASS-MENT

Kormac fixin up some cheeky beats, yah

BACK 2 BACK TOUR

SATURDAY 19 OCTOBER
TBMC €12

The King Of The Hefty Line-Ups has returned to scare the fuck out of any trance-loving culchies who accidentally stumble across their nationwide Irish tour. Last year Back2Back enjoyed a short-lived but glorious tenure in the disgustingly unsuitable Isaac Butt. Now they're back in Dublin at the marginally more habitable Music Centre for the first gig of this tour. The concept is the same as before - two rooms of rough-cut, scratched up future funk from the extremes of the bpm counter. Drum n bass in one room, hip-hop in the other. And a shitload of DJs at a very agreeable price. For sheer value for money, there's nothing else this month to touch it. 15 DJ's for €12 - less than a euro per jock!

In the drum n bass corner, there's Basscape's own Kormac and Rosko, both support veteran at this stage. Kormac in particular can put together a knockout set with airtight mixing and cheeky scratching (a number of people reckon he's the best dnb merchant in the capital). Dublin's Bassbin get their spoke in too with appearances from Kenny and Keevo. The rest of the fast room line up is comprised of delegates from the best dedicated clubs round the country: Feral and Torque from Cork's Fluid night; Code and Bee from NuKillah Beats in Limerick; and Judge Dredd and Kato from Belfast's acclaimed Solid night.

In the bar, there's a big old 4-deck Choice Cuts love-in. Current Irish DMC champion Tu-Ki throws it down with 20 million times-champion Mek. Mayhem and Splyce do their thing together and upcoming DJ Scope gets a shot on all those decks too. If you like drum n bass, or hip-hop, or both, or just want to feel smugly satisfied that you spent your money well, this is a terrific gig.

TREVOR NELSON

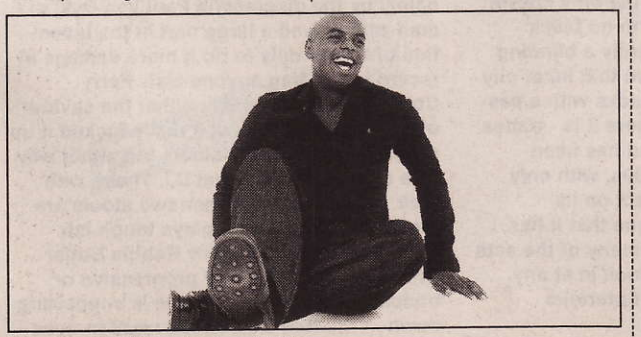
FRIDAY 18 OCTOBER
TIVOLI €8/6

The Man, The Boss, The Dog's Bollox, The Llamas Langer. Well maybe not, if one of his most recent appearances here in Dublin (at the Temple Theatre in June) was anything to go by. Granted, Trevor Nelson is the ace face of British rnb, certainly more famous than any other UK act, and the star factor is heavy. Also, he's guaranteed to have white-hot upfront promos under his arm wherever he plays. But at the Temple last time he dropped some outstanding fuck-ups behind the decks which would have seen an equivalent house DJ pelted with eggs. The verdict was: too much strutting round in a muscle top letting birds with nothing on rub his head and not enough headphone graft. Still if you want the absolute latest in rnb, he's definitely your man. Karlos supports.

PAUL RICHARDS

SATURDAY 19 OCTOBER
SPIRIT €20

It is unclear exactly what Spirit are at. In the beginning, they seemed to be taking the novel approach (for a big club) of avoiding the big name DJ trap. The money and energy which usually goes into pampering uber-league jocks' egos and wallets was getting channelled into other aspects of the club (like naff strippers and stilt-walkers that get in your way while you are trying to dance). This meant that resident DJs like Mark Lowdnes got a chance to shine as something other than bedwarmers for the main act. For the month of October, though, there are a few big names starting to get in on the action. Fair enough, this may signify a genuine change in music policy, but lining up beside the Seb Fontaines and Justin Robertsons is this complete non-entity guest - Paul Richards. Are we supposed to know who he is? Cos we fucking don't. And neither does anyone else. All we know is that he's an up and coming young DJ signed to Paul Oakenfold's agency. Now if that doesn't put you off, nothing will. Support from Mark Lowdnes.



My shiny bald head rules all bitches

ORGANIC AUDIO

SATURDAY 19 OCTOBER
SHELTER €15

Things are taking a quirky new turn every third Saturday in the Shelter from this month on. Promoters' Audiodelic are pitching their tent there for a new night which promises the sussed eclecticism of their various Handel's (Christchurch) nights. Opening the proceedings will be Andy Spence aka Organic Audio. Not a name to inspire a terrace roar of recognition we grant you, but those who've heard whispers about his phenomenal party DJ energy will be bang into this gig. His signature single Play To The Music is a near-perfect nugget of sci-fi disco and can be just about heard in the film Swordfish above the offensive wobble of John Travolta shaking his sad old arse. Smiley house refreshingly light on the cheese we reckon. Support from Steve Audiodelic.

TREVOR ROCKCLIFFE

THURSDAY 24 OCTOBER
SHELTER €10

Londoner Trevor Rockcliffe is a perennial favourite with strapped or stingy Dublin promoters who don't want to spend serious money on Carl Cox. Like Cox, Trevor is a big black man who's been DJing since the dawn of time and who now exclusively plays funky tech-house. Unlike Cox, he can't get arrested. Part of the problem is where Carl Cox seems to create magic in the tension zone between techno and house, Rockcliffe's sets - like his own productions - can stall in the very same area, unable to get across the excitement of either genre. Still, tech-house connoisseurs can appreciate the man's sensibilities and his status as one of the early London acid-house pioneers. Only problem is, what kind of wanker would answer to something like 'tech-house connoisseur'?

COLIN SHIELDS
FRIDAY 25 OCTOBER
SWITCH €13

Belfast's Colin Shields is a great excuse for a bit of enthusiastic flag-waving in the direction of the Brits. Too long have our proud DJs in green been considered a poor relation to equivalent jocks in the UK. Proper order too, given that we've sadly been shit and certainly no match for them until recently. Young Shields, though, is proof positive that we can now line up with the best of them, in techno-land anyway. Founder and resident DJ at Belfast's acclaimed Evolution (where he lashes it out for five hours) Shields spins exceptionally well, bumping up his firepower with an extra deck and a Roland 505 drum machine. Switch's Friday night regulars should be enthralled by a hard-jacking joyride from house to techno. Impulsive DJs support. Shields also plays in The Shelter on Thursday 31.

MAJOR D
FRIDAY 25 OCTOBER
TIVOLI €8/6

You don't hear much about him in the way of magazine column inches or national exposure, but Birmingham's Major D can make an rnb party move with the best of them. A regular visitor to Dublin for the last two years, while the Urban Renewal crew were based in the Temple Theatre, he never fails to kick up exactly the right kind of ruckus with a remarkable natural confidence and ease. Where many house and techno DJs would be sweating over the most basic beat-mix, the Major glides through rnb and hip-hop tracks (notoriously difficult to mix with any kind of seamless flow) effortlessly on cue and still keeps up a constant flow of friendly mic chat. One of the best rnb guests you're likely to see and now with his own slot on BBC Radio 1Xtra. Support from Karlos.

DEF JAM PARTY
FRIDAY 25 OCTOBER
TEMPLE THEATRE €13

Tonight the Rhythm Corporation plays host to one of hip hop's legendary record labels. Just a shame there are no true (or even half-true)legends left on the Def Jam books to make this gig in any way a hot prospect. Fifteen years ago their logo on a 12" virtually guaranteed the most explosive beats and rhymes that New York rap had to offer. There was LL Cool J, the Beastie Boys, Run DMC, and, to top them all, Public Enemy, the most incendiary rap act on the planet. But that was 1987. Now all the above have faded in significance and what we get tonight are two recent DJ signings to the UK division of the label, Tumai and BabySham. Joining them is another addition to the seemingly bottomless roster of BBC Radio 1Xtra which went on air in August. The whole gig is being packaged as The Ashanti Album Launch. With no Ashanti? Decent enough gig nevertheless.

JORI HULKHONNEN
FRIDAY 25 OCTOBER
VOODOO €10

This is an all-too-rare Dublin visit from Finnish deep house maestro Jori Hulkonnen. Having originally released material on Hybrid and Nightmare, Hulkonnen was finally picked up by Laurent Garnier's label F Comm. In keeping with Garnier's love for Detroit techno and Chicago house, the Hulk's early stuff blended the two. His recent outings have leaned more towards the latter, as seen on his outstanding Helsinki Mix Sessions 2 CD. Further encouragement came in February when he put out a fantastic two hour Essential Mix on BBC Radio 1, which still ranks as one of the best sets Pete Tong has broadcast this year. If these factors are anything to go by then this promises to be a top gig. Tayor is in support.

Good God Almighty

GODS KITCHEN: PAUL VAN DYK, MAURO PICOTTO, FERRY CORSTEN, TALL PAUL, ETC.
SATURDAY 19 OCTOBER
THE POINT €39

Van Dyk: a disgraceful cunt

IT'S FAIR to say that we in The Slate are a straight talking bunch and don't stand for much in the line of far-fetched notions and knobbish 'concepts'. But there's definitely a case for describing this bumper package of fluffy trance and Eurobeat demi-gods as a bona-fide ghetto event. Before you aim at our hole with a slide rule, consider the facts.

In keeping with its status as a cultural wasteland, our capital city has never created a modern sound of its own. The energy and fury of disaffected urban youth in, say, New York, London or Kingston gave rise to hip hop, 2-step garage and dancehall respectively. But, for the most part, Dublin's inner city heads have been too busy getting fucked on gear or giving each other bateings with nail-studded planks to contribute anything to the world of music.

In the absence of any musical style we managed to produce ourselves, it's interesting to look at Dublin's choice of adopted urban soundtrack - trance, the only known form of electronic music with no black roots. In fairness, this is hardly a blinding revelation, as it's well known that inner city and suburban Dubs hate blacks with a passion (except Tupac!). But there it is - trance is Dublin's ghetto music and has been since the beginning of the 90s, with only hard house making an impact on its monopoly. And you can argue that it has been ghetto-ized too - with many of the acts billed here never getting a look in at any other Dublin venue bar the notorious Temple Theatre.

But enough waffle, what about the music? It's basically two flavours of trance. The currently popular hard bastard variety is represented by Dutchman Marco V, veteran German noisemaker Scot Project and the Italian duo of Mauro Picotto and his studio engineer Ricky Effe (playing live). Picotto, by anyone's standards, is a fine DJ and probably Ireland's favourite international guest at the moment - the gig is worth it for him alone.

The softer variety is represented unfortunately by the disgraceful Paul Van Dyk, a man who played a large part in the invention of trance only to do it more damage in recent years than anyone else. Ferry Corsten aka System F is either the saviour of trance or the man who really fucked it up depending on your position, but either way he's a good professional DJ. Those with their arses falling between two stools are the UK's Tall Paul who plays tough-ish trancey stuff and Dublin's Robbie Butler who is a whore to either progressive or trance, depending on who he is supporting down in the Red Box on the night in question.

JFK

SATURDAY 26 OCTOBER
TEMPLE THEATRE €20

The Temple Theatre has seen some radical changes in the music policy since it re-opened last month - except for Saturday nights that is. It used to be Space, now it's Escape but it's the same old faces, including this lad Jason 'JFK' Kinch. JFK is a regular journeyman jock from England, changing his music style at the flick of a Mixmag 'Next Big Thing' centre-spread. His only claim to fame is setting up a half-arsed 'super' club called Passion. Launched at both the wrong end of the expansion curve and the wrong end of England (an unpleasant suburb of Leicester), it can't have much steam left in it, so one badly needs the gigs over here. JFK was recently heard claiming to be 'a pioneer of the hard trance era' - Mauro Picotto will no doubt be sending La Cosa Nostra his way.

SEB FONTAINE

SATURDAY 26 OCTOBER
SPIRIT €22.50

BBC Radio 1's Seb Fontaine - with his showbizzy name and Essex boy image - has a serious credibility problem with even the most wide-eyed of muppets. The problem is his music style seems to be undergoing a permanent makeover. He bashes out whatever's trendy for a few months then tells all the magazines his sound has 'evolved', denouncing the other shit to hell in the process. Being that rare DJ that doesn't make his own records makes this process infinitely easier. The shame of it is that what he's playing at the moment is actually quite good, running from funky, break-driven house to epic Futureshock-style stadium progressive. But by the time you read this, he'll probably have ditched all that. He's still the best of the overpaid 'Eyeball Paul' types though, so you could do worse.

THE ITALIAN JOB: MARIO PIU AND JOY KITIKONTI

SUNDAY 27 OCTOBER
TEMPLE THEATRE €24

Not the best timing in the world for these two Italian nad-grabbers to stage a double attack on the Temple Theatre. Virtually every other big name associated with their hard trance (many of them from the same label, BXR) will have appeared at the previous

The same fucking photo we always use of Picotto and Piu...

week's Gods Kitchen knacker bonanza (see elsewhere in the once-offs), leaving only the most diehard mongrels chewing their tits off for another lashing...or maybe not, maybe these lunatics know no limits to their madness. Bar Mauro Picotto (the major draw at God's Kitchen), Piu and Kitikonti are probably the most popular Temple guests. So the prospect of the two BXR labelmates spinning new material and exclusive remixes back to back is hot enough for many God's Kitchen revellers to keep a bag of Bumblebees under the floorboards for the following week. Greg Dowling plays somewhat out of place deep house down in the Crypt.

Vote fuck off in the upcoming referendum

Dexter the Dextrous hits the town

DJ DEXTER (AVALANCHES)

FRIDAY 25 OCTOBER
RED BOX €15

FIRST OF all, this chap is not to be confused with either the bad-ass muthafucker from Detroit who knocks out menacing booty bass and ghetto techno, or the Austrian sap who specialises in commercial trance. Because there are no less than three prominent DJ Dexters. The magic phrase to drop here is The Avalanches. Dexter Fabay here is the nifty fingers on the records of the Melbourne duo, but that's only the most recent part of his story.

Dexter has been hammering the old decks back in Oz for years, slowly getting shit hot enough to compete in the Australian heats of the World DMC Championships. Bagging the national champion title four years in a row, he put the wind up DJ Craze two years ago at the World finals, nearly nicking Craze's crown and ending up in second place.

An Irish DJ who was at the finals that year commented with amazement that Dexter was "virtually creating his own tunes". Which is what he helps Robbie Chater and Darren Seltman, The Avalanches, do - grafting shocking needle action into some of those sublime tracks from the band's debut album, Since I Left You. It's no surprise that that record has been favourably compared with DJ Shadow's Endtroducing, as much at times for Dexter's abstract cut n paste squiggles as the clever use of samples. Check out in particular his party piece Frontier Psychiatrist on the album. Dexter chops funk, rock, hip hop, disco and house into a dancefloor friendly stew that you'd be bonkers to miss. Recommended highly. Support from Cian O Ciobhann

Dexter came straight from the golf course to play this gig

MONDAYS

EAMONN DORAN'S
C.R.A.P €FREE

Crap by name, crap by fucking nature - Dorans is still a depressing kip on a Monday. Shocking beer prices too. Resident DJ Dirk Montage knocks out anything from rnb to indie. Last review: January 2002

RIRA
STRICTLY HANDBAG €7

80s music ahoy here at this excellent and reliable night. DJs Kevin Courtney, Mark Kelly, Aidan Kelly and Dandelion. Good stuff. Celebrating their eight birthday this month. Last review: September 2002

SOHO
BOOZE-O-RAMA €9

Shockingly cheap booze - all drinks €2 each all night, which almost makes it worth going there. Bar shuts at 1.30.

SWITCH
SLAM €7

A fine reliable Gay night with DJ Karen playing decent house music and a loyal crowd Rocky T Del Ford Cortina plays upstairs. Last review: September 2002.

TUESDAYS

EAMONN DORAN'S
SHARPSHOOTER €8

Gay Indie night with a decent enough effort being made to get crowds in. Expect all the big indie tunes from the last ten years. Resident DJ Rentecca. Last review: February 2002.

RIRA
BUMP 'N' HUSTLE €7

Fionn Davenport supplies hip hop, rnb, soul and all the other kinds of jazzy music that trendy restaurant workers and hippy students like. Last reviewed July 2002.

SWITCH
TECHNO.IE €7

As the undergraduate drug-addicts return from a summer in faraway climes, the organisers of this night will be hoping for return to the better days of bygone times. Last review September 2002

TBMC
SALSA VILLA €8.50
LO FAT €5

Salsa classes with Dr. Rumba and a group of Irish people who resemble seals trying to walk when they dance. Last review September 2001. See panel above for full review of Lo Fat.

TIVOLI
FRIDGE LITE

Full-on gay night in the Francis St barn which has been getting barrell loads of young lads with tight tops in. The trouble with this place is that you have to have about ten yokes inside you before you can consider going near the dancefloor - it's so brightly lit that it's like performing on a massive stage.

WAX
LOWDOWN €7

New house night with a large roster of rotating DJs including Eoin Young, John Mahon, Col Sweeney and others. Worth checking out Vodka and Cranberry €200.

FEATURED CLUB

LO FAT
TBMC, TUESDAYS €5

Trying to run a midweek night in the Temple Bar Music Centre is generally a fairly futile exercise. The size and nature of the place means that, unless you get masses of people in, everyone will feel a bit like they are walking around an empty basketball court. Even Screamadelica - probably the Music Centre's most successful midweek club - can seem ragged on occasions. With all that in mind, you wouldn't have given the Lo Fat crew much of a chance when they started out here. A bunch of unknown young lads, with no natural following, they were unlikely to make an impact.

It would be inaccurate to say that their drum and bass/ hip hop night has been an unqualified success, but they have certainly made an effort to tart the place up - with some interesting visuals taking the bare look off the venue's main room. For the most part, the drum and bass takes pride of place on the main floor. It is often quite good, and there is usually a crew of hardened regulars (the DJs mates?) on the dancefloor, who are willing to go completely mad at the merest prompting. This can lead to the beginnings of a full-on atmospher, however, you must beware the risk of turning up to find some indulgent fool lashing out ridiculous drill and bass-style music that is completely impossible to dance to.

In the back room, you will usually find some reasonable-to-good hip hop DJs messing around on the decks. They are occasionally joined by bad MCs, who still manage to produce an entertaining sound by using mikes with heavy distortion on them.

Overall, the night is a bit hit and miss, but it seems to have built up a dedicated core of fans, and it will be interesting to see if it gathers a head of steam now that the students are back.

WEDN'DAYS

EAMON DORAN'S
ELECTRO CLASH €6/5

Punk, Gothic, Industrial and electro. New name but what went before wasn't great. Last review Feb 2002.

TIVOLI
GENIUS €8/7

See our club gossip for the story of how this night ran as one of the most successful midweek nights in town for about seven years.The main thing to remember is that all drinks are only €3 a pop. Residents include Warren Kiernan, the Redsettaz and Richie Rock.

PARNELL MOONEY
FIREHOUSE SKANK €6

Proper dub reggae night that just gets better and better. Big review next month.

POD
LOGIC €7

Good tech and funky house night aimed squarely at students. The DJing is good and the sound system is clear, and crowds have been pretty decent. Well worth checking out if you fancy a midweek piss-up / pill session. Jason Williams guests - for once a bongo player who doesn't completely wreck the track he's playing over. All drinks €2.90, Last review September 2002.

RIRA
TONGUE N GROOVE €7

Today FM's Donal Dineen lays on inoffensive hip hop, funk and soul. Hit more often than miss. Last review October 2001

SWITCH
MELT €8/5

Newish house night with Brian Folan and Little Red Bastard Last review September 2002.

TBMC
OH NO €6.50/4

Horrendous-looking student night starting up here with all manner of cheesy fuck 2FM style DJs involved. Review next month.

WAX
SOUL RIOT €7

The unfortunate Soul Riot continue in their quest to convince the world that mod haircuts and sixties sounding music are the way forward. Slightly more successful here than in the Music Centre. Last review September 2002

THURSDAYS

TEMPLE THEATRE
CHEESE €10

A collection of appalling DJs are set to move in here from Septmber onwards. Expect a narrow selection of diabolical chart music. Fucking expensive, too, for a Thursday night.

EAMON DORAN'S
COMMON CURRENCY €7/5

New night which will attempt to breath some kind of atmosphere into Doran's basement. A test run last month had a visual show which involved everyone looking at a video of...the moon, so you can take it for granted that this will be a reasonably hippyish affair. The music was certainly acceptable, and should continue in that vein with Old Man Scannell, Barry Redsetta and the 091 crew at the helm.

THE GEORGE
THE MISSING LINK €8

Quiz with weekly prize of €250 followed by 'Songs from the Last Century'. Hosted by Annie Balls and DJ Stuart Jackson.

ISAAC BUTT
SECTION 8 €6

This Indie night is run in association with X-fm and the music tends to follow a fairly interesting, indy-driven pattern. Unfortunately, people don't always make the journey down to Store St. in the numbers they might desire.

SPIRIT
RIDICULOUS RAPTURE €10

New student night starting soon in this gigantic superclub. Will they keep the strippers for the woolly jumper brigade? We'll review it next month.

POD
VIBE €8/6 LADIES FREE B4 12

Stylish RnB/ hip hop night with Frank Jez, Wez Darcy and Mel O.D. bang out the big tracks with a fair dose of technical skill. Pints of Millers €2.50 all night. Last reviewed April 2002.

RIRA
FUNK OFF €8/7

Padraig Disconaut plays upstairs and good, if somewhat predictable Cork rnb man Stevie G and guests are downstairs - fine stuff for the most part.

SWITCH
BAM BAM €8/7

Graham Keely provides fairly tough tech and tribal house, with guests, mostly from the excellent Power FM appearing. Last month saw Gedge, Liam Dollard and the top notch Gordon Maher among others drop by. Numbers haven't been great, though.

TBMC
SCREAMADELICA €6.50/5.50

Rocker disco at which local indie band members appear and inflict their record collections on people with dodgy mod haircuts and an aversion to repetitive beats. Generally the atmosphere is good, even if numbers vary. DJs Nutcase, Madouva, Swench and Benny Hill are the regulars.

WAX
SOUL PATROL €7

A good selection of DJs, including Padraig Disconaut, Nello Romano and the top class Billy Scurry play excellent deep house in what is Wax's best night. Too posy for many, but catch it on the right night and it's excellent. Last review: May 2002.

FRIDAYS

EAMONN DORAN'S
DEATH DISCO €10

Rock n roll disco which is run by ageing hack BP Fallon with the permission of Death Disco originator Alan McGee (Creation Records - he had the misfortune to 'discover' Oasis). When it gets going it can be very good, and shows that this venue can work well with the right lighting, crowd and music.

GAIETY
SALSA PALACE €12

Lacklustre salsa night with some live bands and a few mediocre DJs. The people who go are generally quite depressing. It opens until 4am, but doesn't everywhere nowadays?

ISAAC BUTT
SUPREME €5

Good indie night with John Colbert knocking out well-chosen tunes to a load of drunk nerdy types. Last reviewed April 2002.

LOBO
ULTRA LOUNGE €10

While occasionally, musically interesting guests play at this night, the whole thing is faux-sophisticated pox-riddled event. Diabolical idiots in their late twenties finish work in some marketing department and then swan around this snooty joint listening to pretentious, jazzy music that even Rira's wouldn't allow. Absolute piss.

POD
HAM €10/8

Decent gay night with a large, loyal following and a good atmosphere. Residents include Shay Hannon, Hugh Scully and auld Tonie Walsh. Gristle cabaret features every second week. Last review May 2002

RIRA
RINKA €9

Funk, hip hop, soul from Cian O'Ciobhain, Pat McChangeyourname, Dave Cleary, Cyril Briscoe and Brian Never Nevin. Open decks upstairs. Good Rira's fare.

SWITCH
PHUNK D'UP €9

Although some of the techno and mixing can be uninspiring at this club, there's no better spot in Dublin than Switch for going and getting off your tits on a weekend night. Go on a busy evening and it's deadly. Residents Dean Sherry and Barry Dempsey supply tough music all night.

SPIRIT
PROPHECY €15

The former HQ continues to pack in a large mixed crowd as queues of people fight and shout outside trying to get in. Once inside they are invariably greeted by a packed, messy club with dodgy music. Open until all hours of the morning.

TEMPLE THEATRE
RHYTHM CORPORATION & TECHNOLOGY €13/9

Frank Jez and his pals have taken over the Temple's flagship rnb night. Should be great. Downstairs, D1's deep techno Technology night got off to a good start with Detroit's DJ bone, but proceedings were hampered somewhat by a malfunctioning soundsystem. The music policy as always is excellent, but it remains to be seen if the multi-caverned Crypt will prove a little too big for their loyal but smallish fanbase. Worth a look though, and some big name guests are planned.

TIVOLI
URBAN RENEWAL

New rnb night which used to run down in the Temple Theatre very successfully. They've held onto many of their rotating residents (One Step, Major D, etc.), with dodgy-skills Karlos being there every week.

VOODOO
BOOGIE €3 B4 10/VARIES

Decent party house music from Trevor O'Shea the rest of the Bodytonic brigade, but a better venue would suit them a whole lot better than this vast, depressing superpub.

WAX
HOUSE PARTY €10

At one stage quite recently, Bubbles was getting more headline slots than nearly any other Irish DJ in the capital, but these days this is his only regular gig. And more's the pity - when he keeps it a bit deeper and stays away from the hands-in-the-air muck, he's a very charismatic house DJ who can stick tunes together like few others can. More likely than not he'll rock the place, and seeing as Wax generally doesn't have the up-it's-hole door policy that Spy above it does, this is a great bet for a Friday.

SATURDAYS

EAMONN DORAN'S
CATAPULT €7

Indie, rock and house courtesy of Steve Stone from Ireland's worst magazine, Hot Press. Ignore.

GAIETY
SOUL STAGE €12

A successfull but nonetheless dreary night of jazz, cabaret and people in their late twenties talking about their soul destroying jobs while trying to dance. The multi-roomed nature of the venue makes things a little more interesting, but the most adviseable thing to do is drink until you black-out.

ISAAC BUTT
PANIC €FREE

Indie disco with DJ Andy Colbert. He's a simple but effective DJ. If you hate dance music this newly-renovated club is a decent option.

MOLLOYS
SHAKE €?

Molloys of Christchurch - the name is synonimous with 18th birthday parties, failed club nights and lesbians on a Friday. Now Bodytonic have moved in to start up a house night here. Maybe they will catch the crest of the Thomas St. wave - who know - but thank fuck the room they've taken is sufficiently small to avoid large embarassing spaces in the club. Will almost certainly be good music anyway.

POD
ART €13/10

See panel.

RIRA
FRISKY DISCO €10

Frisky fuck-off with the stupid names. Usual story with the Dame Court venue - good dancefloor which is never empty, excellent refuge upstairs in the Globe, predictable jazz, soul & funk music policy with a slightly housier feel on Saturdays - or so they claim. Last review April 2002.

SPIRIT
REVELATION €20

Pretty much the same deal as on Friday - see review on opposite page.

SWITCH
TURN IT ON €13/11

New tribal and tech night with Nick Corrigan at the helm. The music can get a bit monotonous and numbers are uneven, but it could build up a crowd - if something is done about the half-arsed renovation that has been going on for the last while. Resident DJ Nick Corrigan. Last review September 2002.

SHELTER
ROTATING PROMOTERS

A fine little venue with two excellent deep house nights (Hustle & Deluxe) a reggae, funk & and ska night and drum and bass on rotation. This Saturday night roster is of almost flawless quality now and it is always worth dropping in.

POD
ART €13/10

For ages, Saturday nights in this once trendy venue were dreary prog house-athons with a desolate feel and no regular crowd to speak of, so it's good to see a music driven night take over. While the two main residents - Billy Scurry and Anthony Mooney - are as common as dishcloths around town, this is an unusual setting to find them in. And it's also unusual to see the Pod transformed into a relatively chilled out and atmospheric venue. Much of this has to do with the music - relaxing deep house played expertly by Scurry in particular.

TEMPLE THEATRE
ESCAPE €16

Big hard house and trance night for young little clubbers in the same vein as Space which ran here previously. The trance nights are a bit dodgy but the hard house ones are mad for getting off your gibloids.

VOODOO
PLAYAZ BALL FREE B4 10PM/€8

Rnb in this badly located superpub. DJ Funkmaster Lee is in charge. He is a sharp DJ and lively MC who usually draws a decent crowd. Maybe Voodoo should start focusing more on this kind of immigrant clientele who don't have lazy Dublin preconceptions about going to places more than 100 yards away from Grafton St.

WAX
REVISION FREE B4 €11/10

About as good as the Irish team in Russia last month, except everbody here is a yuppy cunt as opposed to an incompetent one. Go elsewhere.

nixers.com

jobs for life

SUNDAYS

COYOTE
FRESH 'N' FUNKY FREE B4 12 WITH CONC, €8 AFTER

While numbers have been a little slack of late, what you can expect here is daecent rnb put together by competent DJs who can mix and scratch well - except for FM104's Tony D who always succeeds in frightening people off the dancefloor. The crowd is made up of black dudes and a mixed bag of good looking black birds and ugly white Irish ones.
Last reviewed: September 2002

EAMON DORAN'S
MELTING POT €6

An absolutely ghastly night which sees a couple of incompetents scratch badly over hardcore hip hop - and not one of the people who have accidentaly wandered in give a fuck.

THE GEORGE
SHIRLEY'S BINGO SUNDAY €7

Very popular variety show hosted by Ireland's most famous tranny, Shirly Temple Bar and follwed by DJ Fluffy. Well worth checking out.

INTERNATIONAL
LAZYBIRD €4

Eccentric evening of indie and electronica. Despite being the most shambling, uncommercial night in the world, it has a hardcore following and regularly ends up turning people away. Things meander to a start at around 9, and soon most of the seats are gone. Worth checking out. Upcoming oddballs this month inclue: Xxxxx xxxxx xx xxxx xxxxx. Last reviewed January 2001

POD
LOVE DANCIN €9

The worst-named club in Dubin continues apace with the ubiquitous Dublin deep house DJs at the helm. Billy Scurry, Nello Romano and the rest of the lads who play in all the John Reynolds-owned venues in town.

RIRA
BASS MONKEY €7

Karlito and DJ Pete Pamf are residents. Thats all we have to about this one, other than it is likely to be exactly like most of the other nights in Rira.

SPIRIT
REVELATION €10

More progressive music in this massive place.

SWITCH
FOOT FETISH €8/6

House, tech-house and tribal house from Sean Hand and Tonie Walsh. One of the few nights where the people involved do things like dress up in drag, although Switch needs a kick up the hole in terms of beautification at the moment. Bongo-boy Williams and Beverly the Saxaphone also feature. Last review September 2002.

VOODOO
AURA €3

Dave McDonald and guests play layed back music

WAX
HILTON EDWARDS €8

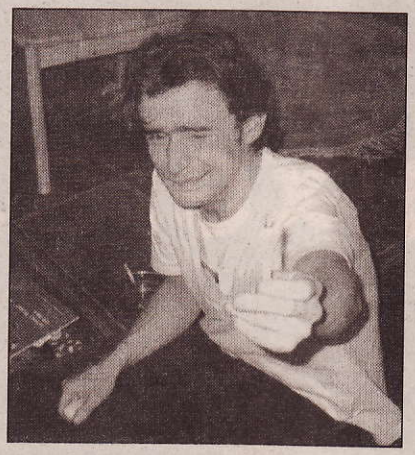
Martin McCann and Mark Dixon on the decks. The Music can get a bit noodly but there generally tend to be loads of people here and few dirty old men. Can get a bit cliquey at times. Last reviewed February 2002.

A happy Christmas to Dublin's Dance Music Community

CLUB NEWS AND GOSSIP

Banging midweek techno is back on the agenda, with the return of long-running student night Genius. This club was formerly held in the Kitchen by Peter May, one of the Dublin langers who is now in charge at the Tivoli. Over the course of about seven years, Genius built up a name as one of Dublin's best clubs - thanks in no small part to a famously unsafe Red Bull and Vodka booze deal. Then, when the Tivoli opened, May and his mates moved there and completely abandoned their music standards by forcing the DJs to whack out the Kylie, etc. The punters were not having this, and 'New Genius' was a short-lived affair. Now, on their return to the Tivoli, the promoters have obviously learned from this mistake and re-instated the old DJ crew - Warren Kiernan, the Redsettaz, Richie Rock, etc. It'll be interesting to see how the night fares in this much bigger venue, with its strange chrome-tinted tackiness. Over in the Pod, Scott McNaughton (whose Wednesday club, Logic is mainly aimed at students) will be keeping a close eye on this potential threat.

Frightened talk of a recession in the Dublin clubbing world will not be eased by the news that corporate Satans Smirnoff



The concerned Scott McNaughton

are about to take their money elsewhere. Representing all that was naff and shit about marketing attempts to 'do' clubbing, this vile vodka company tried to tack their name onto every UK spiv DJ who was good enough to come over here with a pair of sunglasses on top of his head. On a more charitable note, it must be acknowledged that Smirnoff made a fantastic contribution to the Dublin clubbing scene over the years. This included:

1) Holding corporate 'warehouse parties', where PR people and DJ groupies walked around holding glo-sticks and not doing drugs.

2) Organising the Smirnoff Dance Music Awards - a celebration of nepotism, mediocrity and back-slapping in the Irish music industry.

3) Paying unethical journalists and publishers huge sums of money to sing the praises of whatever shite gig they were running

4) Trying to poison e-heads who just need a drink of water by forcing them to swallow tooth-rotting Smirnoff Ice instead

We at The Slate would like to wish Smirnoff a fond farewell and thank them for never giving us a penny of their cash after we slagged the cunts off (or before it for that matter).

Could Smirnoff's departure spell the end for Dubfly? This completely redundant magazine already seems to be up the swanny after its sugardaddy MCD pulled all their ads from the last issue. After this, Smirnoff was just about all they had left.

And, at totally the other end of the spectrum, we at The Slate were disappointed to see that the last Creation rave had to be cancelled because of a lack of interest. Shame on all you boring shits.

Live Music

MARIANNE FAITHFUL
WEDNESDAY 02 OCT ANDTHURSDAY 03 OCT
OLYMPIA €25-35

It would be unfair of us to pass comment on Marianne Faithful's recent Kissin' Time since we haven't actually heard it and, indeed, wouldn't listen to it if she dropped over a copy personally an offered to pleasure herself with a Mars Bar for next month's cover. As usual it features her performing songs written for her by men infinitely more talented than herself. Teenage mother, chanteuse, junkie and groupie extraordinaire - she's done and survived it all. "Sliding through life on charm," is how she puts it. "Making a career out of having shagged Mick Jagger in the 60s" is our version.

ST ETIENNE
SATURDAY 05 OCTOBER
OLYMPIA €26

Unsurprisingly for a group which includes a music journalist (Bob Stanley) amongst its number, St. Etienne was formed with a concept in mind - rather than just some vague aspiration to 'be in a band'. The concept in question involved a merger between swinging 60s pop and post-acid house beats. Stanley and Pete Wiggs formed St. Etienne in the late 80s and they performed with a number of vocalists until Sarah Cracknell joined in 1991. Prior to that, the band had a few minor hits - most notably a cover of Only Love Can Break Your Heart with Moira Lambert - but Cracknell had joined by the time their debut album Fox Base Alpha came out in 1992. The St. Etienne sound caught on in the early to mid 1990s with songs like Join Our Club and I Was Born On Christmas Day doing the business for them. The hits have since dried up but their albums, including the most recent Finisterre, continue to reach appreciative ears.

St. Etienne not giving a fuck whether you buy their records or not

Strange man here he comes

MORRISSEY
WEDNESDAY 02 OCT AND THURSDAY 03 OCT
AMBASSADOR €38.20

After half a decade's exile in L.A., the man who once made self-pity and latent homosexuality seem glamorous is making a live comeback. And, to judge by his Irish fans' outrage at the run-of-the-mill shafting they're getting from Ticketmaster, he's not the only one who needs to get out more. During the lifetime of the Smiths, from 1982 to 1987, Morrissey and Johnny Marr were the undisputed heavyweights of indie. Marr's role in the band went far beyond providing the unforgettable riffs for songs like How Soon Is Now? For Morrissey he was an equal and independent partner with two feet in the real world.

Left to his own devices, the musical quality of Morrissey's solo albums became erratic and the music press turned sharply against their former idol. The increasingly embittered and self-absorbed singer eventually became an embarrassing self-parody.

In 1992 Morrissey achieved a major reversal of fortune in the wake of the unmitigated disaster that was Kill Uncle when he recruited Mick Ronson to produce the brilliant Your Arsenal and finally became a star in America. Ten years on, with the passage of time and the respect of a new generation of bands, the Mancunian is taking the first tentative steps back into the limelight. Another glittering revival is unlikely. The most realistic hope ahead of what will most likely be a karaoke night of old Smiths and solo numbers is that he finally gets a release for his long-mooted Irish Blood, English heart album.

Now he really is Unlovable

SIGUR ROS
SATURDAY 05 OCT AND SUNDAY 06 OCT
AMBASSADOR €25-27.50

This will be Sigur Rós' third appearance in Dublin since their near-legendary debut supporting Godspeed You Black Emperor! a few years ago. The little-known band amazed everyone with heart- rending music and stunning visuals, and had the audience scurrying to the merchandise table in a CD feeding frenzy when they finished. However, since then, the quartet has been sliding downhill: their follow-up headlining show was okay at best, and most recently, at the Temple Theatre, they pretty much bored the shit out of everyone with pretentiousness and lacklustre playing. They've also recently been performing their own adaptation of the Eddas (an ancient Icelandic poem that more or less gave birth to Norse mythology), a very prog-rock move that indicates they're rapidly turning into an Icelandic Horslips.

KATELL KEINEG
THURSDAY 10 OCT AND FRIDAY 11 OCT
WHELANS €12

The Slate would like to recommend this gig our readers. Katell Keineg is a Breton-Welsh folk singer who has decided to base herself in the most disagreeable country on the planet - Ireland. She has a loyal following here, due in no small part to her powerful clear voice and rather attractive appearance. She is also a fine songwriter, although a tendency towards bombastic ballads means that her ambitious albums, including the most recent one, Jet, are somewhat patchy. She is a natural performer though and is well worth catching live.

SUPERGRASS

FRIDAY 11 OCTOBER
AMBASSADOR €33.20

Seven years since they were 'Caught By The Fuzz', Supergrass are almost the last men standing in Britpop. The cheeky monkeymen's currency is their riotous good behaviour and knack for knocking out infectious hit singles - Going Out, Richard III and most memorably the joyous Alright. Even their last album, the subdued Supergrass (1999) was heralded by the stomping track Pumping On Your Stereo - which was then ruined by those tossers FM104 using it for advertisements. The forthcoming Life On Other Planets is a promised return to form for the kings of hairy adolescent pop - hopefully this will prove to be more than just the usual record company bullshit spin. Support band, the Libertines meanwhile, are considered to be among the latest pretenders to that peculiar throne.

A-HA

WEDNESDAY 16 OCTOBER
POINT THEATRE €33.50-38.50

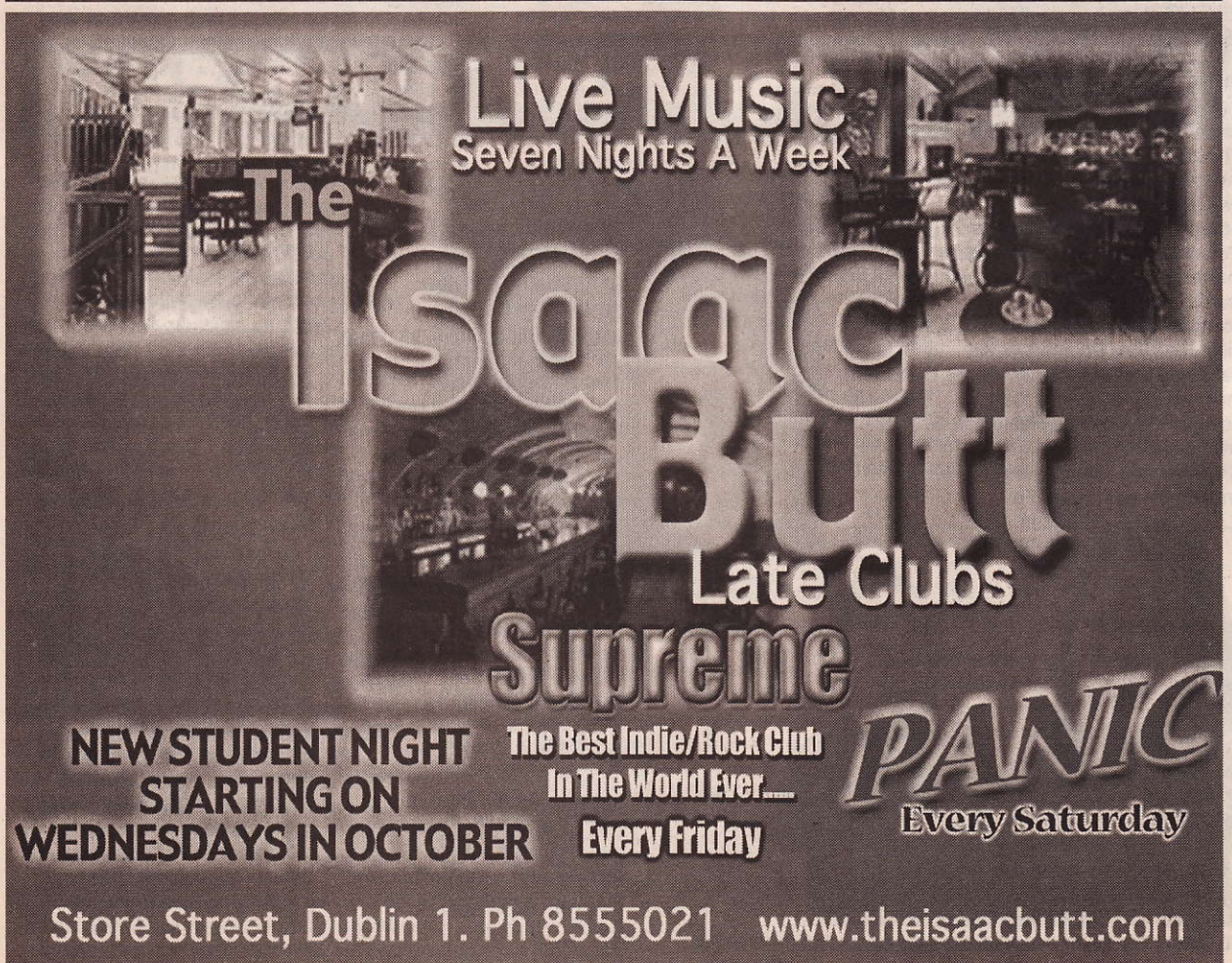
Prince, Morrissey, Soft Cell and A-Ha. Spot the connection? Dublin is in the grip of an 80s revival as wearily predictable as the 70s revival of roughly ten years ago. In a decade where mullets and poncey synths ruled the roost, A-Ha scored a series of hits with lightweight but occasionally memorable tunes. Lyrically they had that endearing Scandinavian trait of lacing perfect English with patches of pure gobbledy-gook. ("Take on me/Take me on"?) Indeed we'd be hard pressed to remember a less irritating North European pop group. The trio reformed two years ago and have released two new albums in this time (none of which we have had the good fortune to listen to) so there may in fact be more than pointless nostalgia on offer tonight. Don't bet on it though.

Soft Cellmates

SOFT CELL

WEDNESDAY 16 OCTOBER
AMBASSADOR €29.55-27.55

In the history of music, there has never been a band as bent as Soft Cell. No matter that singer Marc Almond only finally decided he was gay long after the bands demise and keyboardist Dave Ball has been married for twenty years. Soft Cell were gaylords and that was that. Because while Frankie Goes To Hollywood were macho scousers and Boy George was a big mammy, the dark sexual ambivalence of Soft Cell in their heyday was genuinely subversive and scary. The 1981 futureshock cover of northern soul stomper Tainted Love will forever define them but if you turn up at this reunion gig tonight you'll discover a glittering legacy of almost-hits pitched somewhere between Kraftwerk and Shirley Bassey. But just remember - if you go you're a steamer.



CLIFF RICHARD
THURSDAY 17 OCTOBER
POINT THEATRE €42-49

Sir Cliff, like Spike Milligan, was born in India but his family was forced to scarper home to England after Indian independance made their type rather unpopular. More's the pity they didn't stay there. Cliff began his career in the late 50s as a straight-up Elvis copyist whose touch-and-go coolness was immediately destroyed by the emergence of the Beatles at the beginning of the 60s. He subsequently avoided the zeitgeist like the plague, hanging in for a brief run of transatlantic hits like Devil Woman and We Don't Talk Anymore in the 1970s before taking up his current position as God-bothering Peter Pan of pop around the mid-80s. Widely regarded with a misplaced affection by the general public, Cliff's annual chart assaults have ruined more Christmases than alcohol and domestic violence put together.

DREAM THEATRE
FRIDAY 18 OCTOBER
VICAR STREET €36

These lads have preserved the spirit of the disastrous prog-rock era with a dogged commitment to five-minute drum solos, boasts about the length of their 'concept' tracks (the longest clocking in at a disgraceful 42 minutes) and outrageous wonder-woman style haircuts. All of this - not to mention a fondness for referring to themselves as "the most technically proficient musicians alive" - proves that Dream Theatre are the most pompous and uninteresting band playing Dublin this month. If by some trick of Satan's will you do happen to end up at this gig, consider yourself lucky you don't live in New York, where the boys like to torture their unsuspecting fans with 4-hour borefests.

The Red Hot Chilli Peppers famously covered their dicks with socks - Sigur Ros had other ideas..preview page 45

KILA
FRIDAY 18 OCTOBER
AMBASSADOR €20.50

Its now 15 years since the O'Snodaigh brothers, tired of sitting around waiting for TG4 to be invented, upped tin whistles and accordions and formed Kila. A boom in world music and the trickle-down Riverdance effect provided the momentum to push their second album Tog E Go Bog E (1998) to international critical acclaim and gold status for sales in Ireland. Relentless touring and a phenomenal live reputation have allowed them to continue this success since then. The "most vital incarnation of traditional Irish music around" or a load of crusty new age Afro-Celt bollocks? It probably depends how on how regularly you shower.

DARREN HAYES (EX SAVAGE GARDEN)
SATURDAY 19 OCTOBER
VICAR STREET €27

Anyone assuming Darren Hayes is some tone-deaf singer-songwriter from Leitrim is in for an unpleasant surprise. He is in fact the former frontman of Savage Garden, the Australian ladymen who sold 20 million albums on the back of anodyne ballads like I Knew I Loved Out and Truly, Madly, Deeply. The band split in 2000 leaving Hayes free to pursue his dream of becoming the next Mariah Carey. His new album Spin is produced by the people behind Ricky Martin, and is apparently "an antidote to the darker side of humanity, bursting with rhythmic spirit and lyrical heart" - i.e. a load of poncey shit. If you go, bring a slingshot.

Check out our bleeding mad new album reviews on page 51

Purple ponce bags the greenbacks

PRINCE
THURSDAY 10 OCTOBER
POINT THEATRE SOLD OUT

IF YOU wanted to catch Prince playing his gr8est hits 4 U at the Point this month, it's too late. This gig has sold out already. Here's why. In the 80s his name was Prince and he was funky. Very fucking funky in fact. He released brilliant albums like 1999, Purple Rain and Sign O' The Times and was basically everything you could ask for in a dirty minded pervert dwarf. In his spare time he also composed the Bangles and Sinead O'Connor's biggest respective hits. He even perfected the language of text messaging years before text messages were invented.
Then he became The Artist Formerly Known As Prince (later to become an unpronounceable and, for us at least, unprintable symbol) and he was not so funky although he did still manage to knock out occasional slushy hits like The Most Beautiful Girl In The World. Most recently he's been Prince again and only a couple of dozen people are qualified to comment on his sexiness or otherwise as he's been releasing endless albums on his own Paisley Park label that absolutely no one buys. Now he's back for this tour with the New Power Generation and a no-bullshit, greatest hits show that's sure to please those fans alienated by years of musical masturbation. Would definitely have been recommended except for the lack of remaining tickets.

Prince experiments with the latest in oblong designer heads

Go on the lads

Red Meat and Foo Veg

QUEENS OF THE STONE AGE

MONDAY 21 OCTOBER
AMBASSADOR €27.50

"Nicotine, Valium, Vicodin, marijuana, Ecstasy and alcohol / C-c-c-c-cocaine!" Indeed. After four years and three excellent albums, The Queens Of The Stone Age are finally making their Irish debut and really, it's about fucking time. From Kerrang to the Irish Times, everyone agrees - nothing, bar nothing should stop you from catching these guys live. QOTSA are a fluid collective of musicians centered around the prodigiously talented partnership of singer/guitarist Josh Homme and bassist Nick Olivieri, both veterans of legendary Californian desert-rockers Kyruss. Other regulars include ex-Screaming Trees vocalist Mark Lanegan and, on drums (for their latest album and tour), David Grohl.
The irony of Grohl's brief sabbatical (he has since returned to the Foo Fighters) is that the Queens are one of the few bands around who sound as though grunge never happened. Onstage nudity and general rudeness aside, this is just meat and potatoes rock loaded with enough talent, conviction and toilet humour to completely blow you away.

JOOLS HOLLAND AND HIS RHYTHM AND BLUES ORCHESTRA

FRIDAY 18/SATURDAY 19 OCTOBER
NATIONAL STADIUM €31.20-30

If you're assuming on the basis of his TV celebrity and muso credibility that Jools Holland is a music legend with a string of greatest hits under his belt then you're sorely mistaken. We're not trying to detract from his obvious talent as a piano player and band leader but if he hadn't stumbled into television in the 80s, chances are he'd be remembered now (if at all) as the guy who contributed occasional keyboard solos on Squeeze's Up The Junction and mumbled his way through the same band's fantastic Cool For Cats. His recorded output is of little interest to anyone but avid boogie-woogie enthusiasts, which, let's face it, you're not.

BLIND BOYS OF ALABAMA

WEDNESDAY 23 OCTOBER
VICAR STREET €29

While this group of veteran gospel singers seem to play more gigs here than Dublin pub-rocker extraordinaire Johnnie Be Goode, they are always worth a look. Founded in the 1930s when they were just kids, the Boys cunningly made their blindness one of their chief points of sale. However, the band's long career only reached its peak in recent times, and they have undergone a few lineup changes, most notably in 1950 when they changed their name from the slightly ridiculous Happy Land Jubilee Singers after the death of one of their members. They have loads of albums, but are at their best live, where they still sing with glorious enthusiasm and passion the likes of which is rare enough in the Pop Idols plagued era we find ourselves in. Well worth the asking price.

COLDPLAY

FRIDAY 25 OCT AND SATURDAY 26 OCT
POINT THEATRE €33.50-35.50

Coldplay's second album A Rush Of Blood To The Head was released last month and quickly made its way to the top of the charts in the UK, America and all over Europe. They have been hailed as the next U2.
Consider the name of this band. You couldn't call a showband or a hurling team 'Coldplay'. So they're a white-boys-with-guitars, indie type group of individuals. So far, so functional. But the name itself; it conjures up, it resonates... nothing. Its just two words compounded to mean - this is the name of this band.
Consider their music: melancholic, pleasant, evocative even. Certainly the piped music people in the Jervis Shopping Centre weren't inclined to buy another CD for 18 months or so after Parachutes came out. Put it on in the background while you're enjoying one of life's meaningful moments and you might feel like a character in a TV drama. But then listen closely and there's much less to it than first meets the eye. There's nothing remotely thrilling, inventive or even interesting about it. When Chris Martin sings Yellow you know that it's not a metaphor for anything. It's just a load of bollocks about everything being yellow. The group themselves are a bunch of modest, middle-class English cunts who take every opportunity they get to admit that they haven't a clue what they're doing, that they're monkeys with typewriters who struck gold. The singer doesn't smoke, drink or do drugs. He admits he only lost his virginity two years ago. But there's nothing he can do. The people have spoken.
They really could be the next U2.

Coldplay: underneath it all, happy spas

ROY AYERS

THURS 24 OCTOBER
REDBOX €27.50

This man has the dubious honour of being crowned the forefather of acid jazz. As anybody with sense knows, acid jazz is a digusting form of music that was popular with early 90s twits with flares and Beatles haircuts. However, Ayers is not fazed by this unfortunate label ("I'm just having fun laughing with it") and rightly so. While some aspects of his sound were shamelessly ripped off by by some of the AC scene's leading dickheads, what you'll get tonight is a skilled vibraphone player with a keen sense of rhythm leading a tight group of musicians. He's been recording since the sixties, has collaborated with some of the Jazz greats, and his playing draws much influence from funk and disco among other things. Worth seeing without doubt.

ALICIA KEYS

MONDAY 28 OCTOBER
POINT E39.50-43.50

At 21, Alicia Keys is already a veteran of more acceptance speeches than Tom Hanks. A classically trained pianist since the age of seven, she has been writing songs since her early teens. And since the release of Songs In A Minor last year her name seems to be everywhere. She is undoubtedly talented, and every thinking old pervert's fantasy shag. But the most technically proficient singers and musicians are rarely the most interesting. After a bright start they usually come to approach songwriting as the mechanics of getting as many virtuoso set pieces into one composition as possible. In Keys' case this can even be seen in tracks like Fallin', which owed much to a blatant nick from James Brown's It's A Man's World.

Upcoming Gigs

Nina Simone ...Vicar Street, 4th November €75.00
JJ72 ... Olympia, Fri 01 Nov, €25
Van Morrison ... Olympia, Sat 02 Nov, €38 - €40
Xzibit ... Ambassador, Thrs 11 Nov, €28.50
Teenage Fanclub ... Ambassador, Wed 13 Nov, €20
Moby ... Point Theatre, Sun 17 Nov, €34.50, 35.50, €36.50
Badly Drawn Boy ... Olympia, Wed 20 & Thurs 21 Nov, €26.50 - €28.50
Sparklehorse ... Olympia, Mon Nov 25, €24.50 - €26.50
Foo Fighters ... Wed 27, Nov 02, Point Theatre, €33.50
Ryan Adams (solo performance) ... Olympia, Wed 21 Nov

GRANDMASTER FLASH AND MC SUPERNATURAL

MONDAY 28 OCTOBER
RED BOX €16.50

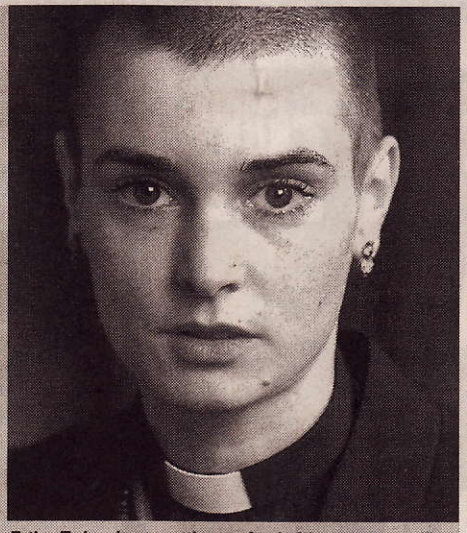
The teaming up of one-time World Freestyle Champion MC Supernatural with 24 carat hip-hop legend Grandmaster Flash is an inspired one. Bronx boy Flash more or less invented hip-hop mixing and scratching as we know it back in the 70s and was the first to commit it live to wax with 1981's Grandmaster Flash On The Wheels Of Steel. Fame came with 1982's The Message (which had nothing to do with him but was credited to him and his group of MCs The Furious Five) the first 'serious' rap track. tonight's return to the Red Box (he was here in April) sees Flash, nearly 50, doing what he does best - rocking a crowd block party style. Beware all those expecting pure hip-hop - at April's gig he played Queen, Michael Jackson and all sorts of mad unlistenable shite between the breaks. MC Supernatural has unbelievable improvisational skills, often offering to build raps around words shouted at him or objects thrown to him- from the audience He also claims to be able to impersonate many famous rappers, which could make for some amusing moments.

The High Priest of Lunacy

SINEAD O'CONNOR

FRIDAY 25 OCTOBER & SATURDAY 26 OCTOBER
VICAR STREET €25-€33.50

If Sinead O'Connor revealed tomorrow that she was the elusive twentieth September 11th hi-jacker the news would probably provoke nothing more than the odd raised eyebrow. She has previously proclaimed herself to be a lesbian, a Rastafarian and, most memorably, a Catholic priest to differing levels of public bemusement. She once even marched into the Dail to tell Albert Reynolds that she had had two abortions. What he made of that is anyone's guess. The best bit of all is that on closer inspection these would not appear to be publicity stunts but rather the sincere testimony of a complete basket case. The efficiency with which she sabotaged her brief tenure as an international celebrity after Nothing Compares 2 U (by refusing to play in a North Carolina venue if the US national anthem was played before the gig and ripping up a picture of the Pope on American national television) would not suggest that careerism is her top priority. It is a measure of how completely screwed Shane McGowan must be that she is considered his rock of sanity and common sense.



Father Turlough was getting too fond of the oestrogen pills

Whether the issue is religion, drugs, sexuality or U2's shitty-ness, she is far from being a model of consistency. But one thing that has remained consistent is her voice. And while her music has evolved into a kind of new age, Celtic hip-hop dirge her records and performances are always rescued from mediocrity by their emotional power. This Irish tour is to promote her latest album, the clumsily titled 'Sean Nos Nua' - her long promised attempt to 'sexy-up' some of Ireland's old traditional songs. It features contributions from Sharon Shannon, Donal Lunny and some other Jamaican and Syrian musicians we've never heard of but who are no doubt masters of their respective fields.

BETH ORTON

MONDAY 28 OCTOBER AND TUESDAY 29 OCTOBER
VICAR STREET €23

Beth Orton got her break when she asked William Orbit for a light in a nightclub a decade ago. Orbit liked her voice and so began a career that saw her work on several of the Madonna producer's side projects as well as the Chemical Brothers' debut album, before developing her own brand of wistful bedsit folk on Trailer Park (1996) and Central Reservation (1999). Current album Daybreaker shows she hasn't lost her knack of hitting it off with the right people, with Ryan Adams, Emmylou Harris and Johnny Marr all contributing. But her music remains flighty, its charms too mercurial to make any more than a fleeting impression.

Ryan Adams
Demolition

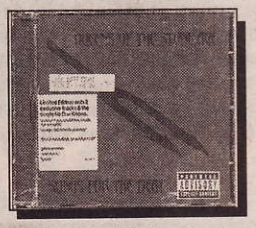
Universal

THIS IS not the official follow-up to last year's Gold - rather it is a collection of songs culled from four sessions recorded last year, which confirm Ryan Adams to be a brilliant performer capable of writing in a wide variety of styles. Diverse and all as his abilities are, it was still surprising to see Adams recording almost an album's-worth of Strokes tracks recently. Why would one of the most prolific songwriters around cover songs by a group who have barely managed to take their track output into double digits yet? Maybe because Is This It was a lot of things that Adams' last album wasn't - concise, focused and perfectly realised. Incidentally, none of these Strokes covers make the cut here. Instead we get an opening blast of three tracks which could be from the vaults of U2, Neil Young and Nick Drake respectively - and that's before he even gets going. Adams is at his best when he's a cowboy or a barfly, pissed off or lovelorn. But he really could take any one of these approaches and sell a million albums if he put his mind to it.

'Heartbreaker' is still the best introduction to Ryan Adams music. Demolition, for all of its thrills, only serves to confirm much that we already knew.

Queens of the Stone Age
Sea Change

Interscope



IF YOU know anything about the Queens Of The Stone Age then you've probably already gotten the gist. The accompanying press release, wherein a terrified journalist is offered hard drugs by trolly dollies on the band's private jet amongst other things, probably overdoes the point, but The Queens Of The Stone Age are debauched, hard rocking, badass motherfuckers.

The album cover, with its gothic fonts and satanic motifs is pure metal. In classic tradition they even revert to extra-scary archaic English on 'First It Giveth' ("then they taketh it away") because, you know, that's the language the Devil speaks. And the album's hidden song is included in the tracklisting - that's how hard they're not trying to be clever.

Songs For The Deaf is a thrilling album with little you could fault with and much that will blow you away. The band operate at only two tempos - full-on hard rocking and mellowed-out stoned. This album opens and closes fantastically well and even when it dips occasionally Dave Grohl's drumming keeps everything more than ticking over. This irritating man is indeed a brilliant drummer and he makes a telling contribution to what will no doubt be a hugely successful album.

Beck the folk up

Beck
Sea Change

Lost Highway

SINCE ODELAY, Beck has been celebrated wherever he goes as a musician-poet who transcends genres even as he reinvents them, according to The Simpsons anyway. But he's never attempted this before. Sea Change is a personal, decidedly downbeat album with no jazz, no funk, and basically no kamikaze genre-hopping full stop. He slopes through a succession of world-weary folk-dirges sounding like anything from Radiohead with steel guitars to a severely pissed-off David Bowie.

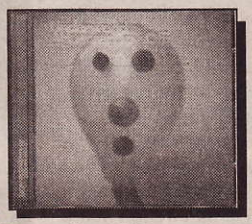
Nigel Godrich's production is muted (not surprising given the material) but he does sprinkle some of his magic where he can. The lullaby chimes from No Surprises are reprised to good effect on album highlights Lost Cause (the single) and The Golden Age.

After the party-funk of Midnite Vultures a lot of critics accused Beck of smugness and insincerity. The singer was accused of hiding behind masks, the album condemned as a 'genre exercise'. On Sea Change the Californian has shed the veil of irony to reveal... a fairly depressing bastard.

And after a couple of listens at any rate, the enthralling moments that there are on this album hardly compensate for the sheer misery of it all.

Underworld
A Hundred Days Off

Interscope



AFTER THE high-profile departure of their DJ Darren Emerson, some people wondered how the Underworld sound would be affected. Would they, without Emerson's up-for-it 'attitude' (he contributed next to nothing musically) forlornly admit dance music wasn't really for them and pick up their guitars again? The answer, judging particularly by the bombastic stadium-prog of the Two Months Off single is that they're staying exactly where they are. And this is unfortunate as give or take they haven't really been able to match the adrenaline brilliance of early singles such as Cowgirl and Dark and Long. All the Underworld ingredients are there - Karl Hyde's meaningless verbal diarrhoea and Rick Smyth's synthy, snaking production, but for the most part it just chugs along in a pedestrian kind of way. While there are a couple of above average tracks - notably the closing one, Luetin - like Beacoup Fish before it, A Hundred Days Off doesn't really cut the mustard.

Music wanted

Are you some big record company cunt, or just some unimportant performer with an album or single you want us to review? No matter. Email gigs@theslate.ie and tell us about it. Then we will have a listen and probably review it. Thank you